

Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 1 Translation



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Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 1

When *The Princess Elizabeth* arrived at Le Havre, it was a cloudless morning and the sun was shining brightly.

Carrying their simple luggage, Walker followed behind Wiltshire and they disembarked from the ship. Walker worked hard at not allowing himself to appear to be curious, although the sounds of the foreign language that constantly drifted into his ears and the distinctively humid air of a harbour city were both novel experiences for him.

Outside the dock, there were many carriages lined up, made available for rent. Whenever the drivers saw someone who looked like a tourist pass by, they would eagerly shout out their rousing blurbs, hawking their services. Wiltshire was expensively and elegantly attired, naturally, he would not escape the attention of the drivers, and at any given time there was always at least one of them who was calling out to him to board his coach.

Wiltshire picked out a driver who was neatly dressed, and after haggling with him for a bit over the fare, he called out to Walker, asking him to carry the luggage up the coach.

"Sir, where to?" The driver asked in guttural English.

Wearing a smile, Wiltshire said the name of a place in French. Although the sound of his words and accent were exceptionally graceful, Walker had no absolutely no inkling as to what he was saying. He could only watch with a belly full of suspicion as the driver nodded and after, the carriage set off with a flick of his reins.

"What did you say to him?" He surreptitiously asked Wiltshire.

"I merely told him that we want to go the Mrs. Bridget's inn." Wiltshire was lounging against the back of the seat with a most relaxed expression. All of a sudden, his lips parted in a beaming smile, revealing a set of snow-white teeth. In that moment, he appeared to be exceptionally comely and young, and Walker could not keep himself from blushing as he gazed upon him.

"Is there really a need to make such an amorous display in broad daylight?" Of course, his own behaviour --- always feeling bashful for no reason --- was very absurd as well, but who was it who had ordained that Wiltshire's smile would always cause him to think of some scenes that were definitely not suitable for children to witness?

"I just feel that the relationship between the two of us is a bit strange." It was rare that Wiltshire would be so contemplative. "You see, just a few months ago, we were as unconnected to each other as a horse and an ox. You were working the lands in Stonehaven and as for me, I was enjoying myself at the clubs in London. But at this moment, we are travelling in France together, don't you feel that this is a wondrous thing?"

Walker felt that he could not quite follow Wiltshire's train of thought and said: "But, that is only because you forced..." Images flashed passed his mind about the things that Wiltshire had forced him to do... and he had to fight desperately to quash his impulse to feel shy because of that.

Wiltshire had quite evidently read his thoughts, because once again, a lecherous smile revealed itself on his face. The Marquess leaned his body close to Walker, as if he was about to say something. Fortunately, the driver called out just at this critical juncture, putting an end to the dangerous atmosphere, dispelling it to leave no traces.

“Sir, we have arrived at Mrs. Bridget’s Inn.”

“So soon?” Wiltshire looked somewhat discontented; throwing Walker a “you are spared for the time being” glance, he got down from the carriage.

Mrs. Bridget’s Inn was an old house constructed of red bricks and done up in a rustic style, and its clientele was mainly composed of British tourists. Mrs Bridget was in her fifties, she had immigrated over to this place at an early age after getting married to a local. After her husband’s death, she had operated this establishment by herself and had changed it to become a homey and welcoming inn that was done in the British style. Gradually, the inn had earned a good reputation among travellers who were heading for France.

“My Lord Marquess, have you come to France for a vacation?” Walking ahead of her guests as they went up the wooden staircase, Mrs Bridget was evidently rather curious about this beautiful Marquess.

“Yes, and also to look out for any trade opportunities in passing.” It seemed like the Marquess was not accustomed to climbing up narrow stairs, wearing a watchful expression, he placed each step deliberately on the precipitous wooden structure.

“My Lord, this room is known as the Dovecote, it is one of the best rooms in this inn.” Leading them through the corridor of the third floor, Mrs Bridget pushed open the last door in the hallway --- the room that was presented in front of the two men had been painted a fresh and cool shade of blue, and the balcony that was attached to it faced the vast ocean, making for an extremely charming view.

Once again, Mrs. Bridget pushed open a small door to the side, to reveal a small room behind it.

“The suite comes with a small adjoining room that servants can reside in for the duration of their stay.” Apparently she had assumed that Walker was a male servant who was accompanying his master on his travels, but since she would not question closely why two men would make a request for only one room as a result, Walker would also not choose to take the initiative to clear up this misunderstanding.

“Mr. Robinson is my friend.” However, Wiltshire did not seem to share his thoughts, in a serious manner he spoke up to correct Mrs Bridget.

“Ah, so it’s like that. Then you have my sincere apologies, Mr Robinson.” Mrs Bridget looked very embarrassed; after all, nobody would be pleased to be regarded as a member of the lower class.

“It doesn’t matter.” Walker genuinely did not mind, it was indeed true that in his appearance and his dress, he really did look to be just a servant.

“Then I shall take my leave first, may the two of you have a good rest.” The proprietress, having made a faux pas, very tactfully prepared to leave, “Hot water for bathing would be delivered here soon.”

Mrs Brigitte opened the door and left. Walker turned his head to look at Wiltshire, only to find that at that moment, he was looking at Walker with blazing eyes.

“Walker?”

“What is it?” Walker was just taking off his heavy travelling jacket, but when he heard the call, he could not help but to still his hands.

“Walker?”

“What is it?” God, why would the Marquess behave like a suckling infant that was not yet grown up? Walker felt a bit helpless.

“Walker Walker Walker Walker...” Wiltshire gave a series of chants, and then he threw himself at the Scotsman. His momentum was so great that it was enough to knock the whole of Walker onto the bed.

“You are not seasick anymore?” Walker could not resist jeering at him.

“Damn it! Don't speak of that ship anymore! Know that it was because of her that I haven't touched you for a whole day.”

Thinking back, when the Marquess had been seasick, he had become so utterly incapacitated that he had not had the wherewithal to lay his hands on him. Walker could not help musing to himself that he had really made a fine choice of a profession when he had decided on becoming a seafarer.

Feeling a pair of warm lips touching his own cheeks, Walker did not try to dodge or to resist; after all, between the two of them, this kind of contact was one that could not possibly be any more familiar.

“Could you part your lips?” When that pair of green crystal eyes with the power to steal souls was staring at him, even a man carved of stone would also obediently part his lips.

Walker parted his lips slightly, and the Marquess's hot and moist tongue very quickly dived inside, licking at and teasing Walker's own, only releasing his mouth when the both of them were all out of breath.

The two men's eyes met for a short period of time as they silently looked at each other. It had only been a shallow kiss, but it seemed as though they had caressed each other souls a hundred million times.

“Your eyes are so enchanting!” The tail end of Wiltshire's words became a whisper as they fell from the corner of his lips. Although it seemed like it were only low-grade flattery used to dupe girls, but when it was in concert with the Marquess's kisses, that fell upon his cheeks like raindrops, Walker's heart was suffused with a tender sweetness and he could not help but to reach out with his hands and hug the body that was tightly pressed against his own.

“To do this when it's still broad daylight is such a sin...” His conscience attempted to have him try to reject the Marquess's hand, which had already wandered deep inside his trousers, but the Marquess's only reply to him was to lavish kisses to his neck and chest with greater frequency.

Although his actions of kissing and thrusting were not so different from his previous ones, but to have Wiltshire hold him tightly in his arms as he rocked his body back and forth, to be made by him to gasp out that he needed and demanded everything, Walker actually felt that his heart had been deluged with a type of passion that was completely new to him. It caused him to give up his pride and feelings of shame, opening up his body even more to accept him, and in the moment when the pleasure had reached its peak, he was so carried away that he forgot himself and uninhibited moans and cries issued forth from him...

The passion had been so intense, to the extent that the Marquess was unwilling to leave the Scotsman's body after the event. Rather, he curled up intimately with him and soon, the two people had fallen fast asleep because of the vestiges of fatigue that their journey had left upon them.

And so, in this way, the entire afternoon was spent in a deep slumber and as had become normal and to be expected, when they took their bath in the evening, it also became a time for the Marquess to flirt. Although he was feeling a strong sense of guilt due to having spent the day indulging in debauchery, in the end, Walker still had to yield to his opponent's transcendent skills and sweet eroticism, and was perfectly willing to open up his body to the Marquess once again.

After sailing on the onerous seas, he had once again been tossed about for practically the entire day. Even with Walker's strong constitution, it was inevitable that on the morning of the second day, he would feel his whole body aching as though it had been trampled upon by a herd of elephants.

"What happened, is your body not feeling well?" The most annoying thing was that in contrast, Wiltshire, who had appeared to be more dead than alive while they had been on the ship, seemed to have become radiant because of the excessive and uninhibited sex. When he saw the white-faced Walker, who seemed to have more heart than strength at the moment, he even asked after him with a relaxed tone of voice.

"No... ah, what are the plans for today?" Although he was indeed not feeling well, but because the reason for his body's discomfort was too shameful, Walker was unable to admit to it, and could only deflect the question by changing the topic of conversation.

"Go to the harbour to ask around and see if anyone has seen the Princess, if we can confirm that she has not been here... we can only go to that damned Frenchman's hometown." As Walker had wished, the topic of conversation was changed, but the mischievous smile on the corners of Wiltshire's lips showed that he had some strange idea in his heart.

"Then let's hurry to the docks!" Since the Marquess's thoughts were beyond his ability to control, Walker just had to be content with his not declaring them with his lips.

After they had a simple breakfast, the two of them returned to the docks where they had disembarked yesterday. Wiltshire carried around on his person a portrait miniature [1] of the Princess, and he continuously showed it to the hawkers, carriage drivers and servants milling around the docks, but no matter who he asked, that person could not be sure if he had seen a similar female.

In the miniature, Princess Caroline appeared young and beautiful, her skin seemed to be as radiant as fine white porcelain, while her blue eyes were the colour of the sky and the carefree smile that hung on the corners of her lips said that she knew nothing of the pains and suffering of the human world. In light of this, Walker was deeply sceptical that anyone could bear to cause harm to such an innocent girl.

"Seems like the Princess's travelling companion must be very canny, to be able to carry out his plans without leaving any traces." Wiltshire remarked to Walker, looking at the miniature that rested on the table as they were eating a simple meal at a small shop by the side of the road.

"I wonder what type of man he is, even the noble Princess would be perfectly willing to disguise herself and follow him to a foreign land to seek shelter...." Walker turned the miniature to face him, sighing with emotion at the same time as he was tearing apart a wheat bread and putting it into his mouth.

Wiltshire's reaction was one of disagreement.

"How do you know that she was willing? Although you were not really willing, you also followed a man and came to France with him, eh?"

"To hell with it!" Walker nearly choked on the bread in his mouth, wildly looking around at all four corners as if he were a thief. He only relaxed when he was certain that nobody else had taken any notice of that sentence Wiltshire had uttered.

"This matter and that one are two quite different things. The Princess is a woman, and then... she is a princess!"

"Besides that she is a woman and you are not, she is a princess and you are not, other than that, frankly speaking you are both in similar circumstances now." The expression on Wiltshire's face was still damnably calm.

Although he did actually feel that his own circumstances was indeed somewhat similar to Caroline's, but Walker

would sooner be killed than to admit that he was currently eloping with another man.

Seeing that Walker had opened his mouth wide, appearing as though he intended to continue arguing with him, the Marquess looked skyward, gave a yawn, and said: "Alright! Let's not discuss this anymore. Walker, please tell me something now, do you know how to use a sword?"

Not quite able to adapt to the speed at which Wiltshire's thoughts darted about, Walker could only come up with a response after a long time passed.

"Not really, I've only handled a wooden sword while playing with my brothers." He answered honestly.

"In that case, it's decided that the afternoon will be spent on fencing lessons." The Marquess seemed immensely pleased as he made the announcement.

Wiltshire seemed to be exceptionally zealous about the matter of instructing Walker in fencing, running out in the afternoon to buy two longswords that looked to be of rather fine quality, and borrowed an empty spare room in the inn to serve as their fencing classroom.

"Alright, now you try attacking me." Wiltshire was wearing a thin shirt made of silk, the way he looked as he grasped the sword while standing tall and proud really did project shades of grandeur reminiscent of the dashing swordsmen of legend.

"But aren't you afraid that you would get hurt?" Walker looked at the sharpened longsword in his hand, a genuine article obtained at a pretty price, and curled his lip at the peacock preening opposite him.

"Don't flatter yourself?!" Wiltshire began to laugh loudly, and Walker suddenly felt as though the greatest insult had been heaped upon him. Not wishing to waste words on the Marquess any longer, he raised the sword in his hand and directly did as he had asked.

But since Wiltshire had been so confident in his own fencing skills, naturally he was not an incompetent hand at it. Although he only brandished the sword in his hand a few times, his movements light as a feather, Walker's offensive was quickly entirely neutralized.

The Scotsman did not believe in being jinxed; he had enough strength to use the sword in his hand, which was of considerable weight, and he also had enough patience and persistence to wait for the Marquess, who looked to be significantly slimmer than him, to tire.

But in the end, he was still left disappointed...

Walker retreated a few steps, tossed the longsword to the ground and crouched his body down, with his breath laboured.

"This is ridiculous! You're simply... simply..." He was both angry and tired, but still, he could not bring himself to say the words "you are simply toying with me" out loud, because it was not, after all, some glorious thing that he could be proud of.

Wiltshire's expression remained poised and relaxed, he lifted a corner of his lips and unleashed a beguiling smile at Walker. "Now you should be willing to let me teach you from the basics, beginning with the proper stance to use when holding a sword!" He smilingly said.

Although he had to admit that the Prince Regent's choice in selecting Wiltshire to rescue his daughter must have been made after serious consideration, but Walker found that arrogant attitude of the Marquess to be insufferable, and his way of continuously taking the opportunity to make some provocative moves while rectifying Walker's stance was even more aggravating.

Take now, for example. It was only to correct the manner in which an attack should be launched, but the two of them were pressed so closely against each other and the way that Wiltshire's hand was lightly pressing against his abdomen felt strange, causing goose bumps to rise up all over his body uncontrollably.

"For goodness sake, if you are going to press then just press down more firmly, alright?" At the moment, their positions not only reminded Walker of an embrace, but also the sort of embrace that came from behind, making him feel very uncomfortable.

"Then how about this?" Suddenly, the hand that Wiltshire had rested against Walker's stomach exerted its strength, and his body also pressed even closer to Walker's. Feeling the burning heat against his own buttocks, Walker understood that at this moment, the thoughts on the Marquess's mind had absolutely nothing to do with the sword in his hand.

"Or how about this?" The Marquess's hand slowly slid down, while the warm moist air exhaled through his mouth made Walker's neck feel a burst of ticklishness...

"Don't be like this..." His lust, having been incited, struggled for release, and he had to remind himself that the view outside the window showed that it was still daylight. Also, their locale was the first floor, the windows to the empty spare room were wide open and anybody who happened to pass by could easily see what was happening inside --- and yet the words he had used to refuse Wiltshire's advances had sounded so feeble and indistinct.

"All right then!" Nevertheless, Wiltshire let go of him and his casual attitude caused Walker to be in a state of shock for quite a while.

The Marquess picked up the sword, and said to Walker with a wink: "Dear, I think it would be better for us to keep practicing."

In an instant, the hot body and breath that had just been enveloping him vanished, along with the dangerous mood in the room...

Obviously he should be joyful, but Walker found that he was unable to take any delight in it. With a stony face, he picked up his sword and continued to study. But there was a marked departure from the high-spirits that he originally had, it was obvious that he had become distracted.

"Are you feeling rather unhappy?" After dinner, the Marquess requested hot water for their baths. As they soaked in the tub, he scrubbed at his body with a contented expression on his face, the same time as he was questioning Walker.

Walker shook his head. He was confused by this version of himself, who no longer rejected Wiltshire's sexual demands. And this afternoon, when Wiltshire had so readily given up on putting the moves on him, the disappointment and frustration he had felt in his heart --- as if he was losing something --- had even made him feel afraid.

"What exactly is the matter?" The Marquess's hand slid over Walker's neck; when the green eyes that were made hazy by the steam rising from the water gazed at his face steadily, there was a look in them that could make hearts quiver.

Walker still did not answer and the Marquess smiled at his silence. He leaned his body close and kissed the Scotsman's lips... Walker did not refuse; he needed to gauge his reaction to Wiltshire as a means of determining the feelings in his heart.

After their somewhat late bath had ended, Walker tried to seek out the answer from the sex that followed, as had become their routine. However, Wiltshire's passionate kisses and caresses that made him blush endlessly, obviously

would not leave him with any time for reflection. After their love-making, which had lasted for longer than usual, Walker very quickly fell asleep in the Marquess's embrace; even at the end he still could not clearly understand what his own feelings were.

It seemed that Wiltshire very much liked the feeling of teaching Walker, even insisting on teaching him fencing on the second and third day, and since Walker was indeed interested in this skill, he did not refuse his tutelage.

Very quickly, Wiltshire discovered that Walker was improving at lightning speed. Although he had not yet reached the level where he could contend against Wiltshire himself, but even if Wiltshire had wanted to defeat him as easily as he had at the beginning, it was no longer a possibility.

"Alright, I admit that these hands of yours, that are more accustomed to holding hoes, do indeed have some strength." He said grudgingly; Walker was bearing down on the sword in Wiltshire's hand, and his arm felt a little sore.

"Or is that your hands, which are more accustomed to holding forks and knives, are too weak?" Walker's laugh was very cheerful and open, as his eyes shone as brightly as the sun did in Spain.

"Is that so? Or have you already forgotten that you had once wept because you could not free yourself from this pair of hands, perhaps you need me to give you a reminder?" Wiltshire threw a provocative glance at Walker.

"You are such a hoodlum..." Walker could not keep from gnashing his teeth, and Wiltshire took the opportunity to free his own sword. As if it had a life of its own, the sword jabbed forward, and slashed down the front of Walker's shirt perfectly.

Walker got a fright, immediately dropping his sword and holding his clothes together.

"To hell with it! If you keep this up, I'll soon be left with no shirts to wear!" Wiltshire had already repeated this type of evil behaviour numerous times over the course of their lessons over the last few days.

"I can lend you..." Wiltshire was beaming as he stepped forward and hugged him, sliding a hand in a most provocative manner into his damaged clothing. He accurately found a brown nipple, and showed no restraint as he gave it a pinch with his fingertips --- his bud, which had already been subjected to torment the night before, thus ached unbearably and Walker could not keep his muscles from giving a spasm.

"Since you have already mastered the basic elements of fencing, perhaps we should go out tonight and find a place to relax, to celebrate your graduation." Moving close to Walker and taking in the purely masculine musk of his scent of his body, Wiltshire tried to speak using a beguiling tone of voice.

"Where..." It was very unfortunate, but after Walker had tasted the sweetness of sex, he had become very open to temptation. Feeling how close Wiltshire was, Walker was so keyed up with desire that he was almost unable to make a sound.

"Paris! Of course it's Paris. Dear, tonight we shall find a tavern, and then drink, dance, find two Frenchwomen to flirt with... following that, of course it would be time for the both of us to be wildly joyous again, keke!" Wiltshire's smile was so sweet, as if he were a schoolboy who had just suggested a field trip.

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 1

[1]: A portrait miniature is a miniature portrait painting, usually executed in gouache, watercolour, or enamel. They were especially valuable in introducing people to each other over distances; a nobleman proposing the marriage of his daughter might send a courier with her portrait to visit potential suitors.



Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 2

Paris was a wonderful metropolis.

Walker had long grown accustomed to the dullness and quietness of Stonehaven; to him, Paris was just like a dream in vivid colour --- in the city that was full of laughter and clamour, women dressed in gaily-coloured clothes thronged the streets, standing around in small groups. Plays with scintillating dialogue were being staged one right after the other in the theatres, and the cafes were filled with gatherings of distinguished guests, with the literati composing and delivering impromptu poems that were replete with abstruse rhetoric.

Wiltshire also seemed to have become affected by the ebullient atmosphere of the city, his veneer of being a languid gentleman receded and he was suddenly transformed into a passionate Gallic lover. Sitting shoulder to shoulder with him as their horse carriage traipsed around the streets of Paris, listening to him constantly pointing out the various sights that passed by their carriage window in an enthusiastic tone of voice, Walker distinctly felt that perhaps he had already embarked on the most mysterious and fascinating journey that he would ever have in his entire life.

Before they had left for Paris, Wiltshire had gone to the tailor in Le Havre that was, by reputation, the best in town and had kitted Walker out in expensive attire from head to toe. His jacket was woven with gold thread, bringing out his flaxen coloured hair and eyes, perfectly masking the air of unsophistication that he exuded. His tall, imposing figure and strong musculature were made to appear even more striking, to the point where the petite Parisians perpetually took him to be a nobleman hailing from Scandinavia.

The proprietor of the hotel had assumed that they were the scions of rich families who were in France for a leisure trip and recommended the Weiwawehsi [1] to them --- the most celebrated dance hall in Paris. The Weiwawehsi was quite famous even in London, it had a reputation for being a favourite haunt of the skirt-chasers and social butterflies of Paris. At the moment, the two of them were en route to that place.

Wiltshire seemed to have suddenly thought of an important question: "Walker, do you know how to dance?"

"Would any kind of dance do?" Walker turned his gaze from the nightscape playing out beyond the window.

"You know full well that I am not taking about Scottish dance or anything like that, I mean dances such as the waltz or some type of courtly dances..." When he saw that Walker's eyes had widened, Wiltshire knew that there was no need to go on asking.

"You don't know how to, right?" He gave a sigh, and began to doubt if they would be able to find any amusement on that night after all.

Crowded in among a tide of people, they entered the dance hall. Once inside, Walker kept on looking around curiously, taking the measure of his surroundings --- people from many spectrums of Parisian society were

congregated here, such as: people of wealth, women of the demi-monde, well-born ladies and foreigners.

There was a band playing on two sides of the dance floor, and the dance floor was already quite crowded. Men were holding women in their arms and they spun around in intricate whirls, their bodies pressed as tightly together as if they were lovers.

"Whiskey?" Wiltshire smiled as he passed the drink in his hand to Walker. "Do you like it here?" He asked.

Walker made no reply, he drained all of the wine in the glass in one gulp and suddenly began smiling.

"Go and ask a woman to dance, since we have come to a dance hall, why limit yourself to sitting here just to accompany me." He requested, thinking that he would like to have a gander at the Marquess's dance posture and movements.

"As opposed to dancing with women with clammy palms, I'll rather stay here and keep you company." Under the table, Wiltshire extended his hand over to Walker's, covering it with his own. The expression on the Marquess's face was very sweet, like a young schoolboy who had fallen head over heels in love for the first time.

"Just go, don't tell me that you think I will get jealous because of such a thing?"

It was only when he saw a smile rapidly blooming on Wiltshire's face that it dawned on Walker that his manner of speaking had been like a lover's. His face turned red, but other than that, he also did not know how to revise that sentence in a proper manner.

Wiltshire's smile was exceedingly happy, he leaned his body against Walker's; imitating the gestures of drunken people, he placed his arms around Walker's waist and placed his head against his chest.

"If there weren't so many people here..." A long while later, he raised his head and looked at Walker with his limpid eyes while saying these ambiguous words in a voice that was full of tender feelings.

Walker was just about to give him a retort when he found that Wiltshire had already released him, and had stood up. "I'll give you a chance to admire my excellent dancing skills."

Although he affected a relaxed demeanour, the fact of the matter was --- poor Wiltshire knew that if he did not immediately leave with all haste, he might find himself pinning Walker beneath him right in front of everybody within the next few moments.

As he watched the Marquess go from his side and approach a gorgeously dressed woman, Walker also looked a little bit like he was unable to make sense of the matter. It took practically no persuasion from Wiltshire, it seemed that the woman was captivated by his appearance and very quickly she stood up and proceeded towards the dance floor with Wiltshire.

Clearly, he should behave as if nothing had happened, but Walker found that he was unable to tear his gaze away from the two people --- the two of them were pressed so close together, it was very obvious that the woman had a lot of confidence in the power of her ample bosom to tempt men.

The most hateful thing was that the Marquess was wearing the expression of an experienced ladies' man as he held the woman in his arms, and it was with an elegant bearing --- that somehow still did not lack for passion --- that he led the woman and they spun around the entire dance floor. Very quickly, the pair of them became the focal point of attention in the dance hall --- the men looked at Wiltshire with their eyes full of envy, while the eyes of the women lit up with a lustre that suggested that they had just spotted an extremely desirable prey.

Walker gave a shrug of his shoulders at himself, just as he was thinking of getting up and going to fetch another glass of wine, a tall woman stood up and got in his way.

"I'm sorry, Miss, could you let me pass?" Behind the woman was the only route from his seat to the bar, and he had no choice but to ask her to make way.

"Why aren't you dancing?" The woman asked him in stiff English. She had a pair of coquettish eyes and evidently had great faith in her charms; her revealing clothing was also a clear indication of her status.

Walker gave a glance at the gorgeous brocade jacket he was wearing, and knew that this lady of pleasure must have thought that he was an aristocrat or hailed from a wealthy family.

"I'm sorry, Miss, I don't know how to dance."

The woman was stumped for a bit, but then she quickly gave a delicate laugh and said: "Your friend looks like he's royalty when he dances, but you say that you don't know how to dance?" She looked towards Wiltshire, who was still whirling around the dance floor, with a look of disbelief on her face.

"My apologies, but it's true." Walker decided to give up on the idea of fetching more wine, and was turning back to return to his seat but the woman quickly walked up and tugged at him.

"Mister, do you not wish to experience for yourself the passion of a Frenchwoman?" She narrowed her eyes and peered up at Walker, as she brashly propositioned him.

Seeing that Walker did not respond, she simply leaned her whole body into Walker's chest.

"Mister, tall and strong foreigners such as yourself are my favourites, I can charge you a little less... if you and your friend want to have me together, that's fine too..." As she was speaking, her hand was stroking Walker's thigh, slowly sliding upwards to the join in a most provocative fashion.

Walker got a fright, he tried to retreat, but in his carelessness, he tripped over a chair at his back, losing his balance and falling backwards....

Surprisingly, the back of his head did not wind up kissing the floor; instead his whole person fell into a familiar embrace.

"Are you alright?" Holding Walker with an exceptionally solicitous attitude, Wiltshire ignored the astonished glances that were unceasingly cast in their direction from all corners, and his dance partner was also looking at him from the dance floor, embarrassed and at a loss.

Even when he was holding that woman in his arms on the dance floor, Wiltshire had not stopped keeping his attention on Walker. When he saw that a woman had accosted Walker, he had already felt like abandoning the dance, and when he saw that Walker had tripped, his first reaction had been to push people out of his way and fly to Walker's side.

"I'm sorry Miss, but please stop bothering us!" He glared at the French prostitute with cold green eyes, and the malicious intent in them caused her to back away repeatedly.

The boisterous sounds of the music rang out again, this type of insignificant episode would definitely not cause the people in the ballroom to stop their merry-making. The incident was quickly forgotten by everyone and they continued their dancing and laughing.

Dragging Walker along, Wiltshire made a change of location to a nook that was more hidden from view, and shoved some wine, that he had somehow gotten hold of, into Walker's hand.

"Women!" The Marquess lambasted. His green eyes quickly looked at Walker's face searchingly, and as if he could not help himself, he bent his head slightly...

"You've gone mad! Look at where we are!" Walker gasped out in fright, twisting his head away as quickly as the bird flies before Wiltshire could make contact with his lips.

"Yes! I am mad! I have gone crazy because of you!" It seemed as though the Marquess could tolerate no more, he downed the wine in his hand in one gulp, and fiercely pinned the Scotsman under his body.

"Let me touch you!" He was panting as he spoke by the side of Walker's ear using a tone of voice filled with unfettered eroticism.

"To hell with it! What nonsense are you saying! There are at least a few hundred people here..." Although they were in a corner that was darker than most, and there were tables in front blocking them from view, Walker still absolutely could not agree to go along with this type of madness from Wiltshire.

Allowing no time for explanations or protests, Wiltshire had undone the buttons on his trousers, and his nimble and warm fingers had rapidly found the male organ that was hidden among the underbrush. Walker could distinctly hear the satisfied sigh that the Marquess heaved right at that very moment.

"You are a lunatic! You should be locked up in a lunatic asylum!" Walker could feel that the Marquess was attempting to part his legs, in that moment, he could bear it no more and gave voice to a low shout.

"Don't yell, other people would only think that we are fighting..." The person who had taken the offensive was clearly him, but Wiltshire was behaving as though it were Walker who was doing something wrong.

"Do you think that everybody else is stupid?" Unable to give vent to loud shouts, Walker could only desperately tug at Wiltshire's hair with his hand in an attempt to make him let go. And still worse, wave after wave of pleasure was washing over him uncontrollably, and it was only with great difficulty that he managed to suppress the moans that were issuing forth from deep in his throat.

This night was much too wild --- and he must be having a nightmare.

Walker was panting arduously, but dazzlingly gorgeous lights of many colours were dancing in front of his eyes uncontrollably --- a few minutes later, following a fit of convulsions, he finally lay down his weapons and surrendered, and shot out his hot desire while still gripped in Wiltshire's hand.

"Oh God, I will definitely be going to hell!" After it was done, Walker's trembling hand simply just could not do up the tiny little buttons, he had been shivering non-stop from the time this had all started.

In contrast, Wiltshire wore an expression of satisfaction as he used a silken handkerchief to wipe his hands, appearing as refreshed and bright as if he had just devoted some time to prayer.

"I must be mad too! Even at a place chock full of people, I actually let you..." Walker was still a bit incoherent, his state of mind was clearly in utter disarray.

"Dear, other people would not have paid us any attention, they are busy with their own affairs." Wiltshire held his shoulders, and pointed out to him some of the couples that were closer to them --- men and women were pressed up against each other and piled together, and the skirts of many a woman had been hiked up to their waist...

"We are certainly not the most outrageous pair, dear Walker. Don't feel guilty anymore..." When compared to Walker's disordered state, Wiltshire appeared to be quite calm and self-possessed.

There was a certain reassurance to be found in the Marquess's attitude, and Walker finally lifted up his face from where he was hiding it in his hands. He stood up, and he could feel that both of his legs were still trembling slightly, beyond his ability to control.

"I'm heading back. God knows what you shall do if we should stay here any longer!" Although he was himself a man, but Wiltshire was really too dangerous, and it would seem that he became even more excited when they were in a place with many people.

"I will certainly not allow you to be in the same space as my wife or my daughters. As long as they are left alone with you for more than three minutes, a woman's reputation would be ruined." Wearing a fed-up expression, he pulled a long face as he stalked out of Weiaweweisi, mumbling complains as he was walking.

Wiltshire chased after him with a roguish smile on his face, and using a tone of voice that faked sweetness, he lightly reminded him: "Dear Walker, it seems that you have really become muddle-headed... tsk tsk tsk..."

Walker got a shock, and halted his steps.

"Why?" He turned his body around and looked at Wiltshire.

The Marquess did not answer. He caught up with him and extended his hands to help him do up those little buttons that he had forgotten about.

The Marquess was nonchalant, as if nothing had happened, but Walker's face had flushed red in an instant --- even through the dark colour of his tanned skin, the red blush could also be seen clearly, and the Scotsman had obviously fallen into a state of confusion.

Perhaps he was trying to alleviate Walker's anxiety; the Marquess once again touched on the previous topic of conversation: "Just now, you said that you would not let your wife or daughters share the same space as me... Ah, Walker, tell me, do you really think that something like having a wife or daughters will ever happen to you?"

Walker had to use almost all the self-control he had to steady his madly palpitating heart. He accepted the topic of conversation and posed a question in reply: "Why wouldn't it? Don't tell me that your goals in life do not include marrying a beautiful and gentle wife, and then having a large bunch of lively and adorable children together?"

Wiltshire smiled, even in the darkness of night it could be seen that his smile was very resplendent. After that, he announced with great delight: "It is very evident that this is your goal in life, but... Walker dear, perhaps it would be very difficult for you to fulfil."

Because Walker found it impossible to understand the meaning behind Wiltshire's words, bewilderment blanketed his face, and he said: "Why can't I? I do not suffer from impotence, I am very healthy." No man would be able to tolerate an insult such as this; he was dead-set on arguing this point to the last.

"Of course you are very healthy. The question is, do you really think I will permit you to take a wife and have children?" Clearly, this discussion was utterly absurd, but Wiltshire still focused on this topic and repeatedly asked: "Really? Do you really think so?"

Walker was silent for a while, finally, he said: "Perhaps... not at this time, but there will come a day when you will."

There will surely come a day --- perhaps it would be a few years, perhaps it would be a few months, or perhaps it would be just a few days later, but the Marquess will eventually get tired with this game. He would find a new body to bear with his desires. As for Walker himself... he would go back to his old home in Stonehaven, then he would propose marriage to a virtuous woman who was not particularly pretty, and they would have a few naughty and adorable children. That would be a wise choice for him.

"Don't even think about it!" He could vaguely guess at the ideas that lay behind the change in Walker's eyes, which now had a distant look to them, and walking behind him, Wiltshire tenderly took him into his embrace. Both of his hands wound past Walker's neck and fell onto his chest, Wiltshire leaned his head close and brought his lips near to Walker's ears, the distance between them was so minute that Walker could clearly feel the hot breath from his mouth

as he breathed.

In the next second, the Marquess extended his tongue and in a sweet action, lightly licked at his ear. Walker's lust, which had not completely faded since their earlier encounter, was reignited. At the moment when he started to tremble because of it, Wiltshire opened his mouth to speak. Giving emphasis to each and every word with a pause, he said: "Don't, you, even, think, about, it!"

Not giving Walker the chance to rebut him, in the next second, Wiltshire kissed him on his parted lips, which were just about to argue with him. His attitude was passionate, as if he had totally forgotten that they were standing in a street in Paris.

Although it was night, and although there were no pedestrians around them, but no matter who it was who happened to walk pass, they would be able to clearly see the two men who were entwined in a passionate kiss.

The danger of being seen caused Walker to try and struggle, but Wiltshire forced him to the side and used both of his hands to press his back to the wall behind. Dizzy because of the lack of oxygen, Walker only felt the kiss getting deeper the longer it went on, and also that the manhood that Wiltshire had pressed against his own body was slowly becoming erect.

"Walker..." Walker heard Wiltshire call out lightly beside his ear, only then did he come to realise that the kiss had already ended. He slowly opened his eyes, and the sight of Wiltshire's eyes, bright as the Morning Star, was what swam into his vision.

"Are you alright?" The Marquess asked him considerately, all the while planting light kisses on his forehead and hairline, as if he still had not fully expressed his desires.

"Let's go!" Walker could not possibly have been any more embarrassed; just now, he had actually become too intoxicated to mind his surroundings. If they had been seen... he simply did not dare to think any further.

"We shall continue when we get back to the hotel." Amazingly enough, Wiltshire did not try to be difficult before he let Walker off.

Walker had just opened his mouth to argue with him, but Wiltshire smilingly took his hand and led him forwards. The cold winds constantly buffeted him, but the Marquess's palm constantly transmitted warmth to him. Walker wanted to speak up several times, but every time words reached his mouth, he forgot what he wanted to say. In this hazy and confused way, he allowed Wiltshire to hold his hand and lead him forwards.

By the time they were back in the hotel, it was already very late. Wiltshire refused the maid's assistance, and dragged Walker all the way to the room.

Once the door was shut, the Marquess immediately underwent a change, as if his civilised behaviour was a jacket that he had slipped out of. In his new incarnation, he was like a ravenous beast, and pounced on Walker, causing the both of them to fall on the bed. Roughly, Wiltshire tore Walker's shirt open, branding Walker's chest with his blazingly hot lips, and forcefully biting down on the two little dark red protrusions.

"God knows how difficult it was for me to endure it just now, if I weren't concerned about you..." Desire had made the Marquess's voice low and hoarse; he rapidly shed all of his clothing, pressing tightly against Walker with his body, which felt as hot as boiling water.

Overawed by the heat of Wiltshire's body, Walker was hardly able to speak. As the two of them tossed around in bed, his naked back constantly rubbed against the silk sheets, creating friction. His body had rapidly become extremely sensitive, and he could keenly feel every minute detail of where and how the Marquess was pressed up against him...

"Walker... Walker..." Wiltshire's voice was interspersed with the sound of his rapid breathing; he riotously caressed Walker's thighs and buttocks, and rubbed back and forth at the undulating lined entrance.

Under his touch, Walker felt as if his body had been ignited, and a flame was burning within him. Unable to restrain himself, he raised his head to gasp for breath, and unconsciously, the corners of his eyes became moist.

"Walker... Walker... say you want me... Walker!" The sound of Wiltshire's voice was as cutting as the sound of paper being ripped apart, he suddenly hugged Walker tightly and wedged his own legs in between Walker's thighs, and their upper bodies were also entwined in a most lascivious manner.

Walker bit down on his lips forcefully, doing his utmost to keep his passionate cries from escaping the confines of his throat. In an effort to unburden himself of the bottled desire that had no avenue of release, he reached out and embraced the Marquess, opening his legs as wide as possible so that Wiltshire could bury his body deeply in the space between.

But the response of his body was unable to satisfy Wiltshire, he stubbornly stopped his movements, ignoring his erection that had become as hot as a piece of iron in a furnace, he insisted: "Say that you want me, Walker! Tell me that I'm not forcing you, you are letting me enter you most willingly!"

"Hell with it..." Walker was almost about to be driven mad. "You are even chattier than a woman! If you want to do then just do it..." Wiltshire's boiling hot manhood was nudging against him, and Walker could plainly feel that his own desirous and foolish organ had become fully erect as a result of the Marquess's teasing ministrations. He wailed in anguish, praying for relief, and couldn't help but to get angry at Wiltshire's evil intentions.

"That won't do!" Wiltshire held out, bringing all of his willpower to bear, refusing to succumb to the lust burning in his body, "Say you want me! Walker, it's just a simple sentence, as long as you say it..." In an infinitely provocative way, he gave Walker's lower abdomen a rub with his sex organ, seemingly a promise of the period of ecstasy that was still to come...

Walker wished to cry, but he had no tears. He wriggled his body, trying to free himself from being pinned under the Marquess's body but the Marquess's powerful hands were like iron pincers as they clamped down tightly on him.

"Yes! *** [2] I want you, I want to kill you! Will that do, you bastard!" No longer able to endure his scorching desire, Walker hurled a round of abuse at the Marquess --- clearly, Wiltshire had been the instigator of all of this, but for him to actually threaten Walker in this way, so as to compel Walker to open his mouth to ask for him, was indeed the nadir of despicable behaviour.

Wiltshire began to smile. In the next moment, he was lifting up Walker's legs forcefully. Without giving him any time whatsoever to prepare himself, he quickly inserted the tip into that little opening, which had become moist and heated because of the drawn-out anticipation.

The burning ring of muscle was abruptly spread out, Walker had a dizzy spell because of sudden attack, and in that split second, he had to clutch tightly at the mattress under him. Walker could feel every little movement as Wiltshire pushed inside, inch by inch, until he was completely buried within Walker's body --- the moment was indescribable, Walker actually felt that he had become complete as a result of this.

Before he had a chance to be horrified at that feeling, Wiltshire began to thrust the object that was buried in his body vigorously. In that instant, he was at the summit of both pain and pleasure, and Walker did not have the chance to think about anything before he was seized by the thrill. He could only shut his eyes powerlessly, allowing the Marquess to surge and collide into his body, penetrating so deeply that it seemed as though he wanted to touch all of his soul...

"Walker... Walker..." In the midst of all this activity, Wiltshire constantly groaned out his name. At the passion mixed

with tenderness in his voice, Walker's senses were brought to their boiling points involuntarily, persisting until the instant that the Marquess's passions burst forth within his body, at which time he also finally released all of his desire, unable to contain them any longer...

Even so, Wiltshire had no intentions of letting him off just like that. He grasped both of their manhoods, which still had traces of liquid left from their earlier passion, and watched on by Walker's shocked gaze, he held them together in the palm of his hand...

His agile fingers nimbly manipulated them, and with this extremely intimate contact, Walker felt like his soul had taken leave of his body, flying into the vast and limitless cosmos...

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 2

[1]: 维瓦维丝 (Wéi wǎ wéi sī): left in the original pinyin because I can't find anything similar in French/English.

[2]: *** is the author's or publisher's censorship not mine.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

5033

Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 3 Translation

 panisal.livejournal.com/26554.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 3

Compared to the continually rainy weather in Britain, the sunny and cloudless weather in France would always be able to lift Walker's spirits --- but usually, his cheer would not last for long, the happiness he would feel at seeing the bright and beautiful sunshine would quickly fade to almost nothingness when Wiltshire would deliberately stir up trouble.

"Where are my clothes? God, what are you playing at now!" For example, early in the morning on that day --- because of last night's over-indulgence, his waist ached and his legs hurt, but at the same time he also had to endure the Marquess's mischievous pranks. Under these circumstances, Walker really felt like he was approaching the end of his strength in both body and spirit.

"Dear, are you alright?" When contrasted with Walker's stony face, Wiltshire seemed to be in an exceptionally good mood. He was holding a cup of steaming hot red tea, beaming as he looked at Walker from where he was reclining beside the fireplace. "Your clothes were strewn all over the floor last night, I have helped you put them into the armoire, I hope you won't mind."

Remaining calm and unruffled at such a time of chaos, he took a sip of tea. Raising the cup in his hand, he asked in a relaxed tone of voice: "Want me to help pour a cup for you?"

"No need for that!" Ostensibly, he had just woken up, but Walker was feeling that he had already entered into a state of spitting anger. If it weren't for the fact that his body was totally bare, he would have jumped out of bed and smashed the cup that the Marquess was holding into bits. But when he took into consideration that there was still a favour he had to ask from him, he could only soften his tone and ask: "Then could you help bring me some clean clothes?"

"Ah, the weather today is really not bad at all! Walker, what do you think?" The Marquess's response was to set down the teacup he had been holding, and walk to the adjoining balcony, pretending to enjoy the view and also to conveniently stretch his body on the way.

"You are a..." Walker stopped mid-curse, and finally decided that if he wanted something done, he should do it himself. Swallowing the foul language that had not yet escaped his mouth, he wrapped himself up in the sheets and got out of bed, walking to the armoire and taking out a set of clean underclothes.

However, in the interval before he put his clothes on, he turned around and was directly met with the Marquess's green eyes, which were brimming with a smiling expression. Wiltshire's eyes swept past his chest and waist, and then quite rudely locked onto the place between his legs --- early that morning, he had racked his brains for a scheme, and had came up with the idea of handing all of Walker's clothes, both his underclothes and the clothes he wore over them, to the maid to be cleaned, all in anticipation of this moment.

“Wear that Scottish kilt, please? Today we are setting off for Bordeaux, it will be more convenient for you to wear a kilt.” The Marquess leaned on the railing; his beautiful smile, when coupled with his golden hair that shimmered under the sunshine, made him look as if he were angel. However, what emerged from the mouth of this angel were lines that were more fitting for a lewd demon.

Of course, Walker would know exactly what he was referring to when he had said the word “convenient”. He gave a disdainful snort; with an ashen face, he finished dressing himself at maximum speed. Slamming the door as he left the room, he threw the memory of the Marquess's self-congratulatory smile to the back of his mind.

He went downstairs and ordered a simple breakfast; just as he was midway through his meal, Wiltshire walked into the room. His dazzling appearance had always caused him to be the cynosure of all attention in the room. Once the proprietor saw him enter, he immediately went up to welcome him, with a big smile across his face.

“My Lord, I have found you a rental carriage and driver that would suit your needs. As per your specifications, the interiors have been lined with top-quality velvet and the sound-proofing is excellent!” The proprietor's fawning attitude was clear evidence that he must have received handsome tips from Wiltshire.

“Well done!” Wiltshire patted him on his shoulder, and casually fished out two silver coins from his pocket and gave them to him. Instantly, a smile bloomed on the proprietor's face that was as radiant as a flower.

Following this conversation, the Marquess walked over to Walker's table and seated himself. The proprietor followed him over, obviously trying to please him still further, he said: “Just one thing My Lord, since you are going on a long journey, so why did you only request for a small carriage, wouldn't a larger one be better? The fee would only be just a bit higher...”

Abruptly, an ear-splitting “dang lang [1]” sound rang out from beside him, making him jump in fright and stopping him from speaking further --- the sound had been caused by Walker flinging down his knife and fork onto the plate. Clearly in a rage, he stood up and stormed out, seemingly unable to endure having to listen to such a topic of conversation any longer. Greatly shocked, Wiltshire also stood up, after throwing the proprietor an imperious look, he followed behind walker and walked out of the dining room.

“Walker, don't go yet, listen to my explanation!” He was panting as he caught up to Walker, and caught hold of his arm.

When Walker turned back to face him, the expression on his face was not actually anger, instead, it was one of frustration. “There is no need to explain, my Lord Marquess! I already understand what you are going to say. I know that you're very bored, and I am a toy that you enjoy playing with very much, isn't that right?”

“No! Why would you think that?” Like a rattle-drum [2], Wiltshire quickly shook his head. “I am not so idle that I'll waste my energy teasing someone I don't care about!” He reacted spontaneously, blurting out his words without thinking them over. It was only after the fact that he found that he had said something strange.

Immediately, the air became still with silence. The two people began to feel awkward and embarrassed because of these words, which bordered on being a confession. They looked at each other at a loss, not knowing what they should say.

“Uh, I meant to say...” After a long while, Wiltshire decided to take it upon himself to break the silence, but before he had a chance to speak, someone was calling his name from beyond the door.

“My Lord Marquess, the driver is here, do you wish to set off immediately?” It was the proprietor's voice.

As if he were waking up from a dream, Walker freed himself from Wiltshire's hands, his expression discomfited. Looking at the Marquess with embarrassment, he said: “I'll go and sort out the luggage.” Tossing these words out, he

raced upstairs as quickly as if he had sprouted wings, looking like a rabbit that was being chased down by a wolf.

When the two of them had completed their packing and were about to set off, Wiltshire discovered that besides the heavy luggage and trunk, there was also a sopping wet bag inside the carriage.

"What is that?" The Marquess shot a look at that bag. Pretending that he did not see the seat opposite Walker, he squeezed himself beside Walker and took a seat, managing to make his actions look quite natural.

Walker shifted his buttocks closer to the side of the carriage, and said ill-temperedly: "Nothing much! They are just the clothes that a certain fool sent away for washing right before our departure!"

"Hehe..." The Marquess gave a couple of giggles, and decided to change the subject.

"Have you heard of Bordeaux?" Bordeaux was a famous city in the south of France, and it was also where Baron Simon Portland [3], the man who had abducted the Princess, lived.

"I've only heard of the wines that come out of that region." Walker admitted honestly.

"In addition to the delicious wines, the scenery of that place is also most excellent. Maybe when our business has been concluded, we can go to the Mediterranean Sea for a cruise and some sight-seeing." Wiltshire put his hand on top of Walker's, and smiled as he bowed his head, looking as if he were making a promise.

Not giving him any face [4], Walker snatched his hand away.

"Wait until you have found the Princess to speak of this, my Lord Marquess. If the Prince Regent finds out that you have come to France only to persistently go on leisure trips, he may just tear strips off your skin when you return to Britain."

"Perhaps at that time, it shall be my turn to elope, with you!" The Marquess did not seem at all chastened; instead, he took the opportunity to poke fun at Walker.

Walker gave a couple of hollow laughs. "That is such an unfunny joke! You have probably forgotten, but I am not some idle princess who does not have to worry about where her meal is coming from. I am just a poor farmer, and I have two minor brothers at home and a bedridden mother..."

"Well then, you can play the part of the prince instead! You can rescue me, the pitiful princess, from a dreary life..." Wiltshire interrupted him, and in a half-serious and half-joking manner, he lay down on Walker's knees, taking the opportunity to wink at him with his pair of large eyes, which were framed by rows of thick eyelashes.

Walker was stunned for a moment. Looking down, he had found that there had been some sincerity in Wiltshire's eyes. The Scotsman opened his mouth and was just about to say something when the Marquess's hand suddenly grabbed hold of his most sensitive part...

"Hell with it!" Hearing the sound of Wiltshire bursting into loud laughter, Walker could not help but to curse himself --- that he actually would think that this person, who had only been bullying him right from the start, would ever be serious, even for a moment.

He caught hold of that agile hand forcefully. Walker seemed both furious and frustrated as he said: "Why do you always have to be like this? Why are you not willing to seriously listen to me, even just one time?"

"Alright, alright! Then... I'll just touch you for a short while this time, alright? My dear?" Wiltshire stopped laughing, pulling out a pitiful expression, he relaxed the hand that had grabbed Walker's genitals.

"You clearly know that that's not what I meant..."

Not letting the Scotsman speak further, the Marquess's hands had already undone the buttons of his shirt. After Walker's chest had been completely laid bare, Wiltshire embraced his waist with his arms, and deeply imprinted his lips upon Walker's left pectoral. Feeling the strong beats of Walker's heart under his lips, Wiltshire's hand began to slide around slowly, wandering everywhere around the body that had been kissed by sunshine, branding it with traces of his own passage.

Hearing that the Scotsman's breathing was beginning to become chaotic, the Marquess could not help but to press close against his chest and chuckle...

The journey from Paris to Bordeaux was quite a long one, besides the time they stopped for meals and when they retired to an inn for the night, the rest of Wiltshire and Walker's time was spent within the confines of the small carriage.

Although he was annoyed with the way the Marquess always turned their conversations into a combative meeting of the flesh without any provocation, Walker had to admit to himself that he was never ever bored when he was together with Wiltshire. Besides his lovely visage and lofty status, the Marquess's complex character was like a book that one could never complete reading; every time it was flipped opened, the reader would be presented with fresh content. This caused Walker to forget the fatigue of the journey, and it was with keen interest that he conversed with him --- of course, sex was the spice that added even more flavour to the conversation between two people of vastly different social stations.

Every time Wiltshire began to become weary from the conversation that required continuous concentrated effort, he would fall silent and lean against the back of the seat, observing Walker who was still deeply engrossed in their conversation. And when the Scotsman became aware that his gaze had become laced with a hidden agenda, and answered it with his own indignant or shamed glare, the Marquess would pounce on him and press him against the seat of the carriage.

Throughout the long and winding journey, the two people spent their time in a strange way, balanced between conversation and sex, one activity following the other. In this way, one day passed right after the other, and they were also getting closer and closer to their destination...

Very unfortunately, when the driver stopped the horse carriage to announce with much satisfaction that the great moment when they had finally arrived at their destination was at hand, it just so happened that Walker and Wiltshire were in the middle of interacting using their lower bodies.

When he heard the driver announce with unbridled joy that they had reached their destination, the Scotsman, who had been twisted in an awkward position and was grinding his teeth as he endured the pain of being penetrated, began to try pushing away the Marquess, who was on top of his body. However, Wiltshire wilfully wrestled with him, while he picked up the pace of his thrusts and coupled it with the action of teasing his nipples, trying to use pleasure to persuade him to give up his resistance.

"Darling, it'll be finished quickly enough! Very quickly... I'll be coming soon... you're amazing! Just a moment! Ah ah..." Paying no mind to the driver who was standing quietly outside the carriage and waiting for them, Wiltshire continued to let out passionate shouts, at the same time as he was fiercely pounding into Walker, who was nearly completely exhausted.

After the Marquess finally enjoyed himself to his heart's content, Walker even had to rely on his help to tidy up his clothes. Swaying unsteadily on his feet, he got down from the car. In that split second, his extremely disappointing face had let him down again and became a sheet of red --- the carriage had stopped in front of a building that was representative of the French style. Standing beside the driver, who was wearing a stiff expression, was the female owner of the hotel who was dressed in a beautiful gown, and she was staring at Walker with wide eyes as he leaned on Wiltshire's arm for support...

Walker had never before been so thankful for Wiltshire's thick skin as he was at that moment --- the Marquess calmly supported him as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened and they followed behind the proprietress as she led them into the hotel. He also explained the reason they had not gotten off the carriage immediately in a rather understated way: "... Mr Robinson, my friend, he has a bit of a stomach-ache, I tried to relieve it with a bit of massage."

When the proprietress gave a relieved smile at receiving such an explanation and praised him for his dedication towards his friend, Walker could only wear a twisted expression as he did his best to walk with his usual posture while leaning on Wiltshire's arm for support.

In accordance with his usual practice, Wiltshire again made a request for the hotel's best suite --- only this time, his excuse for sharing the same room as Walker changed; now it was only to make it more convenient for him to take care of his sick friend.

After the proprietress instructed the maid to bring them water to wash their faces, she retired, wearing a professional smile on her face.

Following that, Wiltshire laughed lightly and came to sit by the expressionless Walker's side. In a casual manner, he placed his hand on Walker's thigh --- which was immediately brushed away by the disgusted Walker.

The tired Scotsman sprawled onto the bed, unable to support his body anymore. In a hoarse voice, he complained: "Don't you have a limit at all? You are practically like a boar in rut! No, if I were to say you are like him, even a boar will feel insulted. Even a boar that is in rut is more enlightened than you!"

Wiltshire heard what he had said and put on an injured expression. Clutching at his own chest, he affected the fragile voice of a pampered aristocrat and said: "Walker, your words wound me! Ah, you know how much I treasure every minute and every second that I spend with you!" Although that was what his lips were saying, in reality, he had rapidly stripped of the travelling jacket he had just put on not long ago, and was pressing down on Walker's body heavily.

Walker wished to weep, but he lacked the tears. At that moment, his whole body felt sore and limp, even the thinnest traces of strength that he could use to struggle had been wrung out of him --- but the Marquess's hands had already begun to seek out the buttons of his shirt, and he had also quickly jammed his knee between Walker's legs...

"It's all that damned driver's fault, he stopped the carriage before I had even had my fun!" The Marquess probably also felt that he had gone overboard, and for the first time ever, he opened his mouth to explain his lust.

Walker had already become tired because the arduous journey, and the last round of love-making had worn him out so much that he was practically on the verge of collapse. When he heard Wiltshire say those words, he only closed his eyes and ignored him.

A few minutes later...

“... No more! Beg of you... I can't take it anymore... beg you please don't do it anymore...” At first, Walker had tried to put up with it, gritting his teeth and allowing the Marquess to toss him around again and again. But the moment when the totally naked Walker felt Wiltshire's finger arrive at the depths of his insides, which was still relaxed and flexible, intense dread suddenly rose up in him --- he really did lack the strength to struggle yet another time and could only use his voice, which was also on the verge of falling apart, to plead with the Marquess to let him off, since he was already approaching the limits of his endurance.

It was a pity that he did not know that he when was in this state, when the rims of his eyes were wet and his voice was pleading weakly, he would only rouse the wild beast that resided in Wiltshire's heart further --- after Wiltshire rejected the Scotsman's pleas with a deadpan face, he quickly flipped him over, used both of his hands to grip his waist and directly penetrated into the place which was already adequately loosened.

With the reason being that he had been entered from behind, the pain and humiliation Walker felt was increased. In a state where his awareness had become scattered and muddled, Walker found the tears of suffering that had spilled over because of the attack to be unbearable. Finally, in that moment when the Marquess had suddenly pulled out, only to thrust in forcefully again, he lost consciousness...

By the time Walker woke up, the whole room was showered with the splendour of the setting sun. Wiltshire was sitting beside the window, looking serene as he read a book --- if he had not had personal experience of it, Walker would absolutely be unable to imagine that under this body with beauty so extraordinary that it had the power to move people, there lurked a nefarious and barbaric monster.

“You've woken?” When he saw that Walker had opened his eyes, Wiltshire tossed aside the book in his hand and smilingly walked to the side of the bed.

“Do you feel a little better now?” As he was asking, he reached out a hand to stroke Walker's forehead. “Want me to help you wipe your face?” Not waiting for Walker's reply, he walked to the front of a dresser by the side of the room and poured out some hot water. Carrying the washbowl and towel, he walked back to the bed and started to wipe Walker's face and neck clean.

“You...” Walker watched his considerate actions with his heart palpitating with some fear --- Wiltshire had always been adept at playing the part of a licentious and extravagant aristocrat, but he had never before revealed this kind of gentleness and warm familiarity.

“Don't open your mouth so wide, it makes you look very silly!” Lamentably, the very next sentence the Marquess uttered smashed into smithereens the tender sentiments that were just beginning to take root in the Scotsman's heart.

Walker hurriedly closed his mouth, which had been hanging open because of his surprise, angered by the humiliation he had received, his tone of voice became mocking: “...I am very sorry about my gauche behaviour. But my Lord Marquess, please remove your honourable hands. I am just a commoner, I am not worthy of your concern.” As he was speaking, he was also reaching out his own hands to tear away Wiltshire's hands, which were wiping his neck.

But Wiltshire persisted in a most stubborn way, he even tore Walker's shirt open and began to wipe his chest --- weakened, Walker lacked the strength to engage in another bout of wrestling with him, and he could only choose to glare at Wiltshire angrily to express his dissatisfaction.

At first, he only wanted to express his apologies through his actions, but Wiltshire had slowly fallen in love with this

game. It was different from direct caresses, their skin did not touch because of the towel, and Wiltshire pretended to brush across the Scotsman's nipples accidentally, so as to make his body become even more sensitized. Seeing how cute Walker looked at that moment, when he was making a supreme effort to show restraint but was still unable to keep from breathing deeply, the corners of the Marquess's mouth could not help but to curve upwards.

“Bastard! No need for you to wipe me!” When he saw Wiltshire's lecherous smile, Walker suddenly regained his senses. He gave the Marquess a shove with his arm, thinking to get out of bed under his own power, but the result was that because he had used too much force, he took a tumble and fell to the floor.

Without expression, Wiltshire looked at the Scotsman who was cutting a very sorry figure indeed. He knew that if he should laugh that this moment, he would surely be murdered by Walker. With great effort, he fought back the urge to laugh as he helped Walker up. Looking at the Scotsman's dejected profile, he tried to divert his attention away from his anger.

“I've asked around and have heard from people the location of Portland's residence. It is about an hour's journey from here; we shall set off early in the morning tomorrow.”

Walker was still deeply immersed in his miserable mood, but since Wiltshire was speaking of proper business, he could only respond: “If I can get sufficient rest today, I don't mind setting off early tomorrow morning.”

When he saw how serious and proper Walker looked as he made his hint --- that he was not allowed to make another sexual demand --- the Marquess could not help but to laugh out loudly and openly.

“My dear, no problem. Tonight we shall simply sleep.” That said, Wiltshire bent his head and planted a kiss on Walker's forehead --- the setting rays of the sun that streamed in through the whole window illuminated his jade-green eyes; in a split second his intoxicating beauty, that caused people to be dazzled and stunned, pieced like a sharp arrow through the Scotsman's heart, and it was a long time before he managed to regain his senses...

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 3

[1]: 当啷 (dāng lāng): this is supposed to be a metallic clanging sound.

[2]: 波浪鼓 (bō lang gǔ): A hand-held toy. When it is shaken from side to side, the beads at the side will strike the drum.



[3]: A note on the names of the characters in this volume. Many of them are probably French nationals, but the names sound more British in the translation. That's because guessing at French names is quite beyond me, and these names are the closest that a google search turns up.

[4]: 面子 is the concept of "Face" in Chinese culture. This is a very important concept that governs all social interaction. One can lose face, gain face, and lose/gain face for others. Face can be roughly translated as "Dignity" or "Respect", but it is less about personal pride or ego, and more about how one is viewed by others. I think the closest Western concept would be social capital or stock. One is not only concerned with maintaining one's own face, he must also not cause others to lose face. You cannot gain face by causing others to lose face in Chinese culture, perhaps unlike in other cultures where you might be able to increase your personal prestige by proving a point at the expense of another person.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 4 Translation

 panisal.livejournal.com/26762.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore



Wish all of you out there a Merry Christmas! ^_^

Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 4

"Is this Portland's stronghold?" Standing beside the Marquess, Walker gazed at the ancient castle that was a shade of ashen gray, narrowing his eyes slightly as he faced the direction of the sun.

In front of them was an imposing fortress, but from way it looked, it could be seen that it had not been tended to for many a year. Mottled by the changes wrought by the passage of time, the towering structure emitted an air of decay as it stood under the sunshine, as if it were an elderly person who was long past the prime of his life.

"I still like Stonehaven better." After receiving an answer in the affirmative from Wiltshire, Walker delivered his own verdict.

Wiltshire began to smile: "Should I express gratitude that you hold Stonehaven in such high esteem?"

Not waiting for Walker to reply, he walked briskly to the gates of the castle, and forcefully rapped on the door with the doorknocker.

The heavy rapping noise reverberated around the quiet space, adding to one's impression that the ancient castle had a sense of desolation about it, as if the sun had set on its glory days and it was now in its twilight.

"Damn it, I really cannot imagine the look on the Princess's face when she saw this run-down castle!" Wiltshire looked back on his memories of Princess Caroline, the only impression he had of her was that she had seemed to be a pale and delicate little beauty.

Walker found Wiltshire's attitude of judging people by their wealth to be extremely distasteful.

"Perhaps when she thought of it as her beloved's castle, she felt that it was both romantic and quiet, and that it's a great place?"

"I really did not expect to find that you would harbour the same sentiments as those naive virgins in London!" Wiltshire began to laugh, although there was some mockery in his tone of voice, a bit of affection was revealed in his eyes.

Walker could not help but to blush as Wiltshire looked at him, he bowed his head, thinking to avoid his gaze but then, he heard the Marquess calmly change the subject as if nothing had happened: "Why doesn't someone come to open the door even after so long?"

He raised his hand, seemingly intending to use the doorknocker again, but with a creaking sound, the heavy door was opened.

An elderly man wearing the black uniform of a butler was standing at the door, and he was looking at the two men with his face full of bewilderment.

"May I ask if Baron Portland lives here?" Wiltshire hurriedly piled on the smile he utilised in social situations, when it was combined with his handsome and noble face, he seemed able to quickly dispel any misgivings the other party might have.

"The Lord Baron? He has not come back here for a long time, please go to his residence in Paris if you are looking for him." The old butler replied with a respectful attitude --- after all, he had served this family for many years, and he could easily distinguish that there was an air about Wiltshire that was unique to the aristocracy.

"Then this place..."

"Ever since the previous Baron and his wife passed away, none of the family has lived here. Baron Portland only likes the bustle of Paris, and the only people that remain in this place are a couple of other servants and me." The butler lamented.

"That is really regrettable... The late Baron's friend entrusted me with some important items and asked me to bring them to him all the way from England. It's really quite problematic that Mr. Portland is not here!" The expression on Wiltshire's face really did look to be extremely regretful --- his head was slightly tilted, and a trace of grief had floated to the surface of those resplendent green eyes.

The butler seemed to find it difficult to remain indifferent to the distress of such a beautiful and grand person, and took the initiative to ask the two of them: "Do the two sirs need me to inform you of the Baron's address in Paris?"

"Yes, I have specially come here from a very distant place, it would be very troublesome if I do not get the opportunity to meet with His Lordship the Baron..." Wiltshire's heart was secretly delighted, but he had to keep working hard at restraining himself, so that none of his glee showed up in his expression.

"I have it, but the Baron might not necessarily be living at this address anymore."

"Ah, that is already very good, no matter what, I am very thankful to you!"

After watching the old butler's retreating back as he turned around and went to fetch the information, Wiltshire shot Walker a self-congratulatory look; evidently he was quite satisfied with the excuse he had come up with in an emergency using his quick wits.

However, Walker's response was only a lazy curl of his lip.

Just as Wiltshire had raised an eyebrow, and revealed an expression that showed that he was about to seriously debate the issue, the old butler walked over. In an instant, Wiltshire's expression changed back to one suitable for a deferent and refined visitor, causing Walker to almost laugh aloud at his adroitness at putting on a pretence.

"This is the Baron's address in Paris; he would most likely be at home during the day." The old butler explained as he handed over the piece of paper that had an address written upon it.

Wiltshire only glanced at the piece of paper before securing it safely in a pouch. "I really do not know how I can thank you enough, if I should see Baron Portland, I will certainly tell him what a faithful butler he has."

"Thank you, my Lord." A happy smile also hung upon the old butler's face.

After they politely took their leave of the old housekeeper, Wiltshire and Walker walked together to the carriage that was waiting by the side.

"If only we had known this earlier, we would not have needed to leave Paris and travel such a long way here." After taking a seat, Walker could not help but to feel regret over their wasted journey, and he complained softly.

"Actually, I feel that this turn of events is good too!" Wiltshire's lips still held a touch of a mysterious smile, and he said something that Walker could not really make sense of.

"Why?" Walker could not help but to be curious, and asked the question that was in his heart.

"Because, this way, we can spend even more time together!" Wiltshire was still as calm and easy-going as ever, and said such utterly corny words breezily, "If our search to find the Princess is completed without a hitch, once we return to England, you would definitely badger me, wanting to separate from me. So I would rather wander all over France just like this!"

Again, Walker couldn't keep his face from reddening slightly. He stared at Wiltshire for a long time before he could squeeze out a retort. He stammered: "You... you are such... don't you feel ashamed for not living up to the trust that the Prince Regent had placed in you?"

But Wiltshire's response was to start giving "haha" laughs. After a long time, he stopped laughing and leaned sideways, planting a kiss upon Walker's cheek.

"You are so adorable." He said.

"Go to hell!" Walker could not keep himself from grinding his teeth and cursing.

By the time they were back at the hotel, it was already time for lunch. After they had had a simple meal, Wiltshire promptly dragged Walker up the stairs.

"I think we might as well spend some more time in the south, we can enjoy the fresh air and have a restful vacation!" Leaning back against the railing of the balcony that looked out over the landscape of boundless grace, Wiltshire turned his head and gave a glance at the beautiful dark blue lake behind him; his tone of voice was relaxed when he spoke.

The breeze was caressing his beautiful golden hair, and both the scenery and the person in front of Walker were as exquisite and as dazzling to the eyes as the most famous paintings in Europe --- looking on, Walker had become almost spellbound by the sight, and he paid absolutely no attention to what Wiltshire was saying.

"I say, let's not go looking for that Princess Caroline! We should simply buy a pretty little castle in the south of France, the two of us can live there for the rest of our lives and forget about everything else!" Seeing that Walker had made no reply, Wiltshire had left the balcony and came to squeeze beside him, taking his hand into his own as he spoke.

"You are speaking nonsense again." Walker felt somewhat helpless --- clearly, Wiltshire possessed outstanding beauty and intelligence, but when he was in front of Walker, he would always say some things that were inconsistent with his aristocratic status.

"If you skulk around France without accounting for the Princess's whereabouts, do you think the Prince Regent will let you off?"

"Alas, I also know that this is only a fanciful dream... but I always feel that if we should return to England, I would not be able to be with you as much as I would like..." Wiltshire's tone of voice sounded gloomy, it seemed as though he was really feeling infinite melancholia.

As for Walker, he suddenly felt his heart seize up tightly and his throat grew hot. In a flash, the sublime feeling of being cherished caused him to be incapable of speech.

Yes, although they were spending all their time together and living with each other so intimately at the moment, but once they returned to Britain, Wiltshire would return to being a lord with wielded heavy authority in his hands and as for Walker himself, he would still be a poor farm worker... the divide between the two of them was so wide, and for them to defy the social conventions of the world and remain together would be so difficult.

Seeing that Walker's expression had become despondent, Wiltshire was also unable to say much more. Holding his lover tightly in his arms, at that moment he could only express his own feelings through a tender kiss.

"Walker, even if we do return to Britain, would you be willing to continue living with me?" Even as they were engaged in a deep and passionate kiss, Wiltshire did not forget to ascertain the Scotsman's wishes.

"I... I don't know." Walker was really at a loss --- he had originally thought that to the Marquess, he was nothing but a new gadget to toy with; he had originally had a firm conviction that this absurd relationship would only be maintained until he got a job, he had originally wished with all his heart to marry a virtuous wife, have a few cute children, and be an ordinary but happy farmer...

But with the appearance of Wiltshire in his life, his existence had suddenly been painted with layers of gorgeous colours, and he now had absolutely no idea how this relationship would develop nor where it would take the both of them....

Wiltshire seemed to know the contradictions and struggles in Walker's heart, and thus no longer tried to compel an answer out of him. Instead, he turned his efforts to exploiting the Scotsman's moment of emotional vulnerability...

"Walker, come here..." Wiltshire's voice could nearly be called unctuously sweet, the sound of it in Walker's ears abruptly scattered his tens of thousands of thoughts, causing his senses to sharpen up in a flash.

His steps were halting, but his gaze could not help but to be drawn to the conspicuously large bed in the room --- there was both hesitation and perplexity in Walker's heart, he did not actually want to have a tumble between the sheets with the Marquess while it was still broad daylight, but it seemed too cruel to flatly reject him after they had just had such a tender and heart-felt exchange...

Looking at Walker's hesitant expression, Wiltshire knew that it would be impossible to expect him to take the initiative to climb onto the bed and spread his legs. He gave a light sigh in his heart at the shyness of his lover and gracefully strode forward, hugging the Scotsman firmly and then leading him in the direction of the bed.

Although love-making with the Marquess was absolutely not a novel game by any means, but Walker's heart was still in complete chaos --- he was already deeply attached to the way Wiltshire's body was both gentle and warm, but yet he was still feeling timid because of his pain and the feeling that he was betraying his own morality --- to sum it up, although his heart was unhappy that he was making love with a man, but the pleasure and warm affection he derived from it caused him to become increasingly dissolute as he continued to immerse himself in it.

Of course, Wiltshire was unable to guess the complex feelings that were flitting across Walker's heart, the urgency of

his desire left him with no time to consider other things. He could only reach out with his hands and push the Scotsman onto the bed, forcefully covered his body with his own, and kissed those hot and luscious lips.

"Wil..." Walker still wanted to say something, but the Marquess was nibbling on his tongue and he could not continue.

The Scotsman did not wish to drift with the waves and go with the flow just like that, he pushed hard at Wiltshire's shoulders, but the only result was that he was pressed to the bed even more firmly.

"Ah..." His intentions had been to issue a sound of refusal or delay, but what spilled out from the depths of his throat were only moans.

His jacket was stripped off and flung to the floor... the Marquess held Walker down with a passionate demeanour that was as hot as fire, both of his hands pulled at his shirt tails, and began to caress his body all over --- his back, waist... and also his chest.

Although he could not understand just what it was about a man's upper body that could cause the Marquess to become so engrossed, Walker still became aroused by the teasing movements of that pair of hands that seemed to be imbued with magical powers. His flaxen head twisted from left to right and then back again on the snow-white pillows; even he himself could not make out whether he wanted to resist or whether he was prepared to accept Wiltshire's advances.

"Darling, you're... so sweet..." Wiltshire was gasping for breath, and a rather crass comment escaped from him

"Let go..." Walker still wanted to push him off, however under these circumstances, where all the buttons of his clothes were undone and he was skin to skin with Wiltshire, even his arms had grown soft and powerless. "Let go of me..."

He really disliked this feeling of losing control very much, he was very afraid --- afraid that he would forever lose himself in a man's arms, afraid that he would forget about the life he had once yearned for day and night, afraid that he would forget the fact that he was a man, and above all, he was afraid that he would himself be forgotten after he had sacrificed everything.

All of the nobility had but fickle hearts, their passion could not be counted on --- the words that his father had used when admonishing his sister, who had aspired to the life of a noblewoman, floated into Walker's mind, however...

Wiltshire's hand had already reached into his trousers.

"Don't be like this..." The mood in the room was clearly so sweet, but Walker almost wanted to cry --- because he understood thoroughly that even though at this moment, he was refusing and looked as if he was showing unwillingness of every kind, the Marquess would ultimately enter and possess his body like the way he had done so many times before, deeply entrenching himself into Walker's heart, and making him start to become reluctant to have to give up this tenderness that had an intrinsically depraved nature, making him afraid that he would one day lose this pair of arms that were steadfastly embracing him.

"Don't be like what? My dear..." Wiltshire used tender words to soothe and coax him, using the same manner on the Scotsman whose exterior looked so valiant and strong that he would with the most delicate virgin.

His hand was still holding onto Walker's sex organ --- it had happened without Walker's notice, but both of their clothes were now all strewn on the floor. At the moment, the two of them were as naked as newborn infants, but the erections at their lower bodies gave away the indecency of the present situation.

Walker slowly stretched out his hands and put them on top of Wiltshire's --- looking into that pair of sparkling and lucid eyes that were the same green hue as mint candies, when he saw the tenderness that were overflowing from them, he couldn't keep his body from losing its tension...

"Nothing much, come on." He said softly, relaxing his body and spreading his legs and bringing the Marquess to nestle snugly in the space between.

Wiltshire was overcome by a spell of ecstasy; although he did not know the thoughts that had flashed through Walker's heart like lightning, this was still the first time that his lover had acknowledge their physical relationship with his words. Being as clever as he was, it was impossible that he would not understand what it symbolised.

"Walker, thank you."

At that moment, any words he said would be extraneous.

Only actions were the most honest expression.

Of course, Wiltshire would not be stingy with his actions.

He began to smile; following that, countless kisses began to fall like raindrops upon Walker's cheeks, neck, chest... the Marquess slowly moved his body downwards.

Walker panted with excitement, he only felt Wiltshire's moist and hot tongue dragging across his lower abdomen, and gave a forceful lick to his erect sex organ. After that, with the combined actions of his mouth and hands, Wiltshire bent all his efforts into pleasuring him.

"Brett!" The Scotsman could not help but to give a startled cry, the violent zest of arousal raced fiercely up his back, and his whole person began to twitch on the mattress.

However, Wiltshire did not stop, he still sucked upon Walker's sex organ persistently, doting upon him with clumsy affection as he tossed around on the bed.

The pleasure was too thrilling, causing Walker to release himself in moments. The viscous white liquid gushed out in great torrents, completely between those lips of Wiltshire's, which usually carried an elegant smile.

The Marquess merely raised his head and gave the Scotsman a smile, and then he promptly forcefully swallowed the bitter fluid in his mouth.

Before Walker had the chance to recover his senses at the Marquess's abnormal behaviour, he already had been forcefully turned over, and pressed under the Marquess's body while he was on all fours, the position he found to be most shameful and which made him shy.

His butt cheeks were parted, just moments after he had felt the cool air there, that secret place had already began to heat and moisten up...

You..." It wasn't the first time that oral sex had been performed on him, but when Wiltshire licked him in that place, it was the first time that Walker's heart melted and his strength softened, "Ah..."

The muscles of that sensitive entrance were constantly stimulated by the soft and blazingly hot tongue, and the "ze ze" sound of saliva rang out. Walker was completely unable to tense up his body at all, and the ring around his anus also completely relaxed...

“Excellent, you have already become completely soaked...” The Marquess's throaty voice drifted over. Walker felt as though he were about to faint, he was unable to distinguish whether this was actually happiness or torture.

The Scotsman had already forgotten how to speak, he could only give sounds that were reminiscent of an animal in heat each time Wiltshire pushed against his body with his tongue --- his head was completely buried in the pillow, but his hips were still maintaining their raised position, that place which was usually well concealed was being admired by the Marquess and he was still using his fingers to caress it as well as using his tongue to lap at it...

“Ah...” Walker's voice suddenly hitched up to a higher pitch, that was because the Marquess had forcefully squeezed two fingers into his body.

“So awesome! It doesn't feel too tight in the slightest...” Wiltshire said, putting a third finger inside.

“Uh...” Walker could not keep a startled shout from escaping, the feeling of his prostate being stimulated caused his front end to immediately begin to stand up again.

“Darling...” Wiltshire's mind had also probably stopped thinking; depending on his instincts to dictate his actions, he pulled his fingers out; holding Walker's hips in place with both of his hands, he forcefully inserted his manhood inside, unable to wait any longer.

This time, the usual tearing pain was absent... Walker could clearly feel that this was different from the norm, it was solely the feeling of being deeply penetrated that caused his whole body to give a jolt.

Wiltshire also seemed to be even more excited than he usually was when he was inside Walker, he forcefully penetrated to the deepest part of the Scotsman's body, and then stopped moving, as if he wanted to fuse the two of them into a single entity. And so, he remained like that, holding himself stationary while lodged firmly inside Walker.

After a long time, he finally began to move his waist, he would forcefully thrust back inside just when he was almost about to slip out of Walker, doing this repeatedly...

Ordinarily, if he had been treated this way, he would surely be reduced to such an agonised state that he would already be giving blood-curdling shrieks --- but at that moment, Walker instead felt only that waves of pleasure, so strong that they made his spine feel soft, were emanating from where the two of them were connected. As the Marquess gradually increased the speed of his thrusts, that particular kind of pleasure also got strong and stronger, to the point where he almost unable to keep the moans in his throat from breaking free...

I'm finished, there must be something that's wrong with me --- he secretly thought.

Having a man ride on his body, that he could still actually derive pleasure from such a thing...

Walker was almost driven to despair, because he was already on the verge of abandoning rational thought, and allowing himself to go with the flow and pursue the joy he found in having sex with the Marquess.

I don't want to think anymore... the same time that that nebulous thought crossed his mind, a burst of intensely hot liquid was emptied into his body, and as if to echo it, his own pleasure also spurted out onto the snowy-white sheets -- the two of them reached climax at almost the exact same time.

“My God [1]!”

He heard the Marquess who was still lying on top of him give such a sigh --- the Wiltshire of that moment seemed to

be completely satisfied, he held onto Walker's waist tightly with both hands, so that the two of them remained in a state of union with each other.

This was not the most intense sexual encounter between the two of them, but it was the very first time that they experienced the delight of blending together their souls.

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 4

[1]: This line was already in English in the original text.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 5 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/27134.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



I think there's an issue with the text paragraphing being displayed wrongly in the past couple of chapters... Seems to be ok in Chrome but not in IE or some other browsers. I'm not sure why, the edit mode in IE is displaying correctly, but the display is still wonky.

Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 5

They returned to Paris via the same route --- this city was still as lavish and profligate as ever, but even as he was immersed in its atmosphere, Walker could feel that something within himself had become fundamentally different from the Walker who had departed Paris.

Although his appearance was still the same as that suntanned and strong farmer from Stonehaven, his heart carried a thread of softness that had never existed in him before, and its ownership had been wholly given to someone that he would never previously have dared to even imagine.

He surreptitiously sneaked a glance at Wiltshire, who was sitting upright by his side and wearing an aristocratically aloof expression, and a trace of pain, along with sweetness, rose up together in his chest --- he was afraid of this version of himself, who was just the same as a sentimental woman whose eyes were only able to see the man she loved. But if his eyes were to look away even slightly, an ineffable emptiness would also well up in his heart immediately.

"Where are we going?" Afraid that his eyes would divulge his own feelings if the quiet were allowed to continue, Walker tried to find a topic of conversation to break up the awkward silence in the carriage.

Wiltshire took a look outside the carriage at the colour of the sky, "It's too late today, we'll find a place to rest, and leave finding Portland's apartment for tomorrow."

"Are we going to the same hotel as last time?" Frankly speaking, Walker did not really wish to return to that place where so many memories that made his face blush and his heart race lingered, although the facilities could be regarded as luxurious and the service was also quite good.

Wiltshire could probably tell what was on Walker's mind; he started to smile and say: "No, darling, we are not going there, we are switching to a more unusual one this time."

When the two servants who were leading the way respectfully opened the large door to the room, although Walker had already luxuriated in way too many sumptuous dwellings as he followed Wiltshire around, he could not help but to hold his breath at the sight of the beautiful scene that was presented to his eyes.

This room, which had the best scenery according to the hotel's owner, faced the Seine river and its tributary the Marne river. It was just the right height to allow for tourists who stood on the balcony to have a clear view of the unique architecture on both sides of the river and the pedestrians who were buzzing with activity all around. At a

glance, the most refined and beautiful aspect of Paris was undoubtedly laid out at Walker's feet.

"Do you like it?" Wiltshire wearing an indulgent smile, Wiltshire embraced Walker's waist from the back and stood together with him on the balcony, peering down upon the boundless scenic beauty at their feet.

"It's really beautiful..." Walker's speech was a little indistinct, although he did not really know the going rates of rooms in luxury hotels, he could approximate a guess that solely on the basis of his own income, this was a place that he could not even think of setting foot into for his entire lifetime.

"Good, as long as you like it... I want you to slowly become accustomed to all of this luxury, so that you will become unable to separate from me..." Drawing close to Walker's ear, Wiltshire declared his ulterior motives, using a volume of voice that was so low that it was nearly inaudible.

The hand that Walker had rested on the rail immediately tightened, and in a flash, his heart fell into a state that was difficult to express with words. It seemed to be bitter, yet it also seemed to be sweet, it carried limitless emotional attachment and reluctance to part, and it also had some emotional suffering that was impossible to describe.

"Do you love me?" Wiltshire's moist tongue lightly licked and flicked at Walker's ear and the soft area behind it, and his mesmerizing voice could not possibly have been any more alluring.

"Ah..." Not daring to believe that this syrupy sweet sound had originated from his own mouth, Walker wanted to restrain Wiltshire's hand, which had already made an incursion under his clothes and was roaming all over the place.

"I'm very tired, today let's not..." However, his quickened breathing betrayed the true feelings that lay under his refusal.

"I know that, today we won't go all the way..." From the sound of Wiltshire's voice, he was also panting heavily. The erection at his crotch was pressing hard and stiff against Walker from behind and even he did not dare to be certain that his words had been sincere when he had said them.

Making no reply, Walker only felt those familiar pair of hands --- he could not possibly be any more familiar with them --- wandering under his own clothes, setting him aflame and making him grow intoxicated. But at the same time, those flames also brought him incessant pain...

"Didn't you say we won't go all the way?" Feeling a hot and stiff pressure being exerted against his back entrance, Walker could not help but to give a muffled protest.

"Darling, just one time... is that out of the question?" His voice was dejected and also brimming with desire, the Marquis was suffering so much that he wanted to bury himself inside that warm body, but because of Walker's refusal, he was trapped in an impossible situation, unable to advance or to retreat.

Sensing that the man behind him was enduring unbearable torment because of his desire, Walker bit his lip. He wanted to give up his reticence and indulge him just like that, but he was also afraid that should he do so, he would henceforth be carried away by the waves created by this tenderness that he could ill afford.

Wiltshire also did not force him to comply as he had done previously --- Walker could hear him breathing hard because he was straining to control himself. Feeling those large hands that were wrapped around his own waist tremble slightly, Walker's heart gradually softened, and he was almost going to open his mouth to say that he could enter...

The Marquess felt the heat at his crotch was as burning hot as a red-hot piece of iron that had just emerged from a furnace; in his heart, he longed to immediately bury himself into the warm, flexible, and tight insides of Walker's body. But a strange feeling, one which he could neither explain clearly nor reason out an understanding of in his

mind, made him feel that he could not bear to force his way inside as he habitually did in the past. He only continuously used the tip, which was leaking honeyed fluids, to rub against the fine crevice between the Scotsman's two cheeks, striving for some pleasure to alleviate the ache.

Feeling that the place he found unbearable to speak of gradually become moist with the fluids secreted by the Marquess, Walker felt so ashamed that his whole face flushed red. What he found to be most unacceptable was that he himself was actually becoming affected by the Marquess's feverish body temperature and the lewd friction; within his body, the desire that he had forcibly suppressed was gradually gaining ground.

"Go... go into the room..." Although he knew that his naked lower body was being obscured by the parapet of the balcony and it was impossible that other people would be able to see what was going on, but at the very thought of making love in a place that was out in the open air, Walker still found the idea unbearable mentally.

"... That won't do, I would not be able to contain myself..." The Marquess was so tormented by the violent desire that was raging through his body that his speech had almost become garbled, he was afraid that even a single unguarded movement of his body would result in him being unable to keep from shooting all over Walker's body.

"Don't do this here... go inside the room, I... I'll let you inside..." Although his words had really been quite cryptic, Walker still felt so ashamed that he really wanted to find a burrow in the ground to bury himself in.

Out of Walker's sight, Wiltshire's eyes immediately lit up and without any hesitation, he lifted the Scotsman up by his waist.

"..." Walker still wanted to say something, but in the end, because the situation laid before his eyes was too licentious, he was unable to open his mouth to speak up.

Once the two of them had fallen onto the huge bed with its soft mattress that was as white as snow, the Marquess, who was brimming with impatience, rushed into the Scotsman's body. The feeling of being totally filled in an instant caused the two men to be unable to keep from moaning loudly, and furthermore the Marquess immediately began to vigorously and wildly sprint back and forth --- because he had already been lubricated by fluid when they had previously been dallying around, the insides of Walker's body was already wet and pliant, allowing Wiltshire to thrust in and out smoothly, going straight to the very depths of his body.

"Ah... uh...uh..." At the beginning, Walker had tried desperately not to make any noise, but as the Marquess's movements became rougher and rougher, he also could not curb the desire to call out wildly, and uncontrollably started making loud moans in time with Wiltshire's thrusts.

"... Walker, say that you love me! Quickly!" The intensity of his emotions caused the Marquess to relentlessly pursue ever greater heights of pleasure. Manipulating his own engorged desire and the Scotsman's, he wildly planted kisses all over Walker's body and tried to exhort him into speaking those words so as to assuage the inexplicable emptiness that had taken residence in his heart.

By that point, Walker only felt that his whole body seemed to have been reduced to the area that was connected to the Marquess. His capacity for speech, or for reason, had already been entirely drowned out by the extreme pleasure. He, who was so stirred up that he had almost been driven to the point of frenzy by the Marquess's forceful thrusts, was almost on the brink of losing the strength to even maintain his breathing. Needless to say, thinking about the emotional entanglement between the two was beyond his ability, and he was simply unable to respond to any demand made by the Marquess.

Having waited in vain for the Scotsman's answer, the Marquess was highly dissatisfied and not about to admit defeat, but he was also unable to hinder the approaching climax of physical pleasure. He could only call out wildly and cling tightly onto Walker's body at the moment when he rushed to the peak of pleasure, and wilfully spill out the floods of boiling hot fluid into the deepest part of his body --- taking this to be a exacting a small measure of

vengeance.

“Ooh...” This kind of feeling was not a pleasant one; to have the deepest part of the insides of his body, which had been fucked wide-open, suddenly sprinkled with a great quantity of hot fluid caused Walker's face to blanch instantly and he started to groan. Even so, the Marquess still maintained the same position, buried inside Walker, with not the slightest intention to pull out from his body.

“Wil... Brett, you...” Sensing that his own body had become soft and pliant with no strength remaining to him, Walker still tried hard to push away the Marquess who was still pressing down upon him.

However, the Marquess stubbornly restrained the Scotsman's arms and insisted on taking him into his embrace.

“Why won't you say that you love me?”

Instantaneously, a look of sorrow flashed across Walker's face. He lowered his eyelids slightly, and said in a voice that was so low as to be almost inaudible: “Since I am not a woman, what's the use of speaking of love, you are still going to marry a noblewoman, and sire a whole bunch of heirs... what is the point of speaking of such drivel just so as to console myself?”

The lovemaking caused him to forsake his usual resolute emotional defences, and he could not help but to speak aloud his most honest views about this relationship, ones that came from the bottom of his heart. Yes, he had never once believed that there was any possibility for him and an aristocratic man like Wiltshire to remain together and becoming each other's companion and bulwark for life. From the very bottom of his heart, he had always felt that the two of them were like two separate threads that had become momentarily twisted together but were bound for different destinations in the long-term. Although they had once encountered each other, but in the end, as time passed, they would gradually drift further and further apart, never to meet ever again.

Perhaps it was because he could hear that Walker was being serious, Wiltshire also erased the mirthful and teasing expression he usually wore from his face, and his jade-green eyes also revealed a trace of earnestness. He leaned over, kissed the Scotsman tenderly and with a sincerity that he had never presented before, he guaranteed: “That won't happen, there won't be some noblewoman, and there will not be any heirs... Our relationship will also not end once we return to Britain, this trip to France is but a short chapter in the story of our lives together, in future... for the rest of our lives, we shall forever remain together just like this, and we shall forever be as happy together as we are now...”

Once the promise had left his lips, Wiltshire was a little bit startled by his own sincerity, but he felt not the slightest shred of regret that he had just made a vow to devote his lifetime to this man before his eyes --- when had this started? When was it that, just like becoming addicted to a drug, he had become hooked on this ordinary Scotsman's body and spirit, even going so far as to have the intention of having him for the rest of his life?

Was it in that dance hall in Paris? Was it on the beds in those countless small hotels? Or perhaps, he had already become like this as early as that very moment in Stonehaven when he had captured his virginity under the pretext of *jus primae noctis*.

Compared to the resolution of the Marquess, which showed in his expression, Walker was totally doubtful. It wasn't that he did not feel that the Marquess had gotten progressively more tender towards him, it wasn't that he had not come to understand that there were powerful bonds between the two of them that could not be broken, he simply could not imagine that the lord of Stonehaven, Brett Thomas, the Marquess of Wiltshire, of the Great British Empire, would be perfectly happy to fall at the hands of a man such as himself, who did not possess any charms to speak of.

“You're not allowed to disbelieve me...” Even he himself was a little bit suspicious about whether he had gone mad or not, but sweet speeches and honeyed words that were so sappy he could die continued to flow from this mouth that was more accustomed to hurling mockery and sarcasm. In an attempt to disguise his own embarrassment,

Wiltshire began to try to rub his body against Walker, hoping to use sex to keep Walker from noticing just how much he yearned for his love.

Walker's bare body was still sensitive, and it seemed that it was immediately ignited upon the Marquess's touch. Writhing, ragged and scratchy groans emanated from the depths of his throat. He also preferred to use his body to interact with the Marquess, rather than to waste any more time on speaking to him about topics as without prospects as love or spending the rest of their lives together.

Wiltshire wanted to hide the self-consciousness he felt as a result of his confession, whereas Walker wished to escape from having to dwell on that problem. Never before had the hearts and souls of the two of them been so much in agreement as they threw themselves into rubbing their lips and tongues with each other. Although the process of penetrating and receiving remained the same, but because of Wiltshire's confession, a thread of tender feelings had entered into the mix. They engaged in joyous lovemaking all through the night, tenaciously immersing themselves in their sweet feelings, until neither of them had enough strength left to move and with their minds hazy, they fell asleep in each other's arms.

On the next day, when Walker woke up from a dreamless sleep, he was greatly startled to discover that he was still being held tightly in the Marquess's embrace, and those crystalline green eyes of Wiltshire, which had mesmerized innumerable men and women, were also staring at his face.

Without his realising it, a blush coloured his face. As if he were trying to hide something, he hastily got up and hurriedly came up with a topic of conversation to escape from the Marquess's embrace, which made his heart race and his mind to be cast into chaos: "Are we going now... ah, to that Portland's residence?"

It would seem that he also did not intend to coerce the Scotsman much, the Marquess lazily propped his body up into a half-sitting posture, while still holding onto Walker. Abruptly he rested his head at the top of Walker's upper thighs, using it as a pillow. In a flash, his flowing golden hair was spilling all over Walker's naked lower body, and the ticklish sensation over that sensitive area made him curl up his legs instantly.

"You..." Getting angry, he was just about to rebuke the Marquess for his debased actions, but in the next second the Marquess's next move alarmed him so much that he choked back his words.

"Ah, you are very energetic over here!" Once again, his usual wicked smile hung upon the corners of his lips, and he played with Walker's sex organ which had produced a physical response without his being aware of it. The relaxed expression on his face was as if he were enjoying the sight of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

"You... quickly let go!" Obviously, that place had already been fondled a few hundred times before, but regardless, under the gaze of the gorgeous Marquess, he was simply unable to keep his heart serene.

"And if I don't let go, what would you do then?" There was mockery in Wiltshire's green eyes, but there was also a barely perceptible trace of gentle jesting.

"Do you actually want to find the Princess or not?" From the looks of him, the Marquess seemed to be having so much fun that he had forgotten all about the actual reason he had come to France in the first place and Walker felt that there was a need for him to give Wiltshire a reminder.

Immediately, the Marquess pursed up his lips, and with displeasure written all over his face, he said: "Princess, what Princes, isn't she just an unfamiliar woman, there is no need for you to be so zealous!"

The same time as he was muttering to himself, he took advantage of the opportunity to hug Walker tightly, intending to push him down onto the bed.

Not knowing whether he should laugh or cry, Walker desperately tried to fend off his attack. Seeing that the forceful

approach was meeting with no success, Wiltshire changed tactics, trying a softer approach. His incomparably beautiful jade-green eyes sent out a look that carried an overtone of entreaty. "... oh, let me just kiss you for a short while... Walker, sweetheart, let's just kiss for a while..."

Although he did not know what scheme this Marquess, who was behaving like a spoiled coquette [1] as if his life depended on it that morning, had planned to stage, Walker was a little afraid that should he continue to bicker with him, it would go on and on with no end in sight.

"Then... just for a while, you're not to..."

Before he could finish speaking, his lips were fiercely sealed by the Marquess, after struggling for a couple of moments, in the end, Walker still gave in to the hot, deeply intimate, kiss.

Even as they were getting off the horse carriage, Walker's legs were still trembling because of the wildly passionate kiss that he had received an hour earlier --- he was a little afraid of this version of himself, who had become so enraptured with this intimacy with the Marquess. He knew that he had already completely lost his bearings, and he was no longer that dutiful, simple farmer from Stonehaven who was at peace with himself. After having been cherished by the Marquess's arms, which were always full of desire and longing, having been clasped tightly to his embrace, he had started to change. He was becoming someone who longed for the kind of bodily contact that pulled at his very heartstrings, becoming someone who had started to become dependent on every minute and every second that he spent with this beautiful aristocratic youth, Wiltshire.

"This is Portland's residence... it's nothing much, is it!" The Marquess's comments pulled Walker back from the myriad thoughts racing through his mind and made him survey the old-fashioned three-storey apartment building before his eyes in silence.

Although his eyes wasn't as discerning as those of Wiltshire, who had long become accustomed to living in luxurious quarters, Walker could also see that it had once been a magnificent mansion belonging to the rich and powerful. At the moment, even though the grey bricks were showing some mottling, but one could still imagine how glorious it must have been once upon a time.

Wiltshire walked around the building once, before returning to the front door and ringing the doorbell.

Even though they were outside, the scratchy sound of the doorbell was still very clearly audible, but no matter how long they waited, no one came to the door.

Wiltshire wore a look of impatience on his face, and he forcefully pressed on the doorbell again --- again, there was no response whatsoever.

The Marquess tugged at Walker's hand, and circled back with him to an alley at the back of the house.

"Help support me." Not giving a care to the gorgeous jacket he was wearing, the Marquess began to try climbing up to a small window on the second floor of the building that was open.

"This is illegal!" Scandalised, Walker whispered to give him a reminder. However, in that moment when he saw that Wiltshire was about to slide off, he still propped him up firmly.

At long last, the slim Marquess managed to wriggle through the little window that was probably just used for ventilation for the most part. After indicating that Walker should go back to the front door to wait for him, the Marquess disappeared from the window.

He only had to wait for approximately five minutes before the Marquess opened the door of the building, motioning for Walker to go inside.

Having never before seen a burglar with such a natural and relaxed attitude, Walker was so amazed that he felt a little bit like laughing.

“There’s nobody here.” In contrast, the Marquess appeared to be quite solemn, as if he were the rightful owner of this building.

Even as he just stepped into the spacious hall, Walker could already feel that there was something very wrong about that place --- the whole house looked empty, with only very few pieces of furniture scattered about, revealing a forlornness that was akin to the sun disappearing behind the western hills as night approached [2].

“There are no servants, no decorations, there isn’t even a single piece of furniture that is up to snuff... Either the Baron Simon Portland doesn’t live here or he is actually an utterly impoverished wretch...” The Marquess waved his hands around as he spoke vehemently, not even the slightest bit conscious that he was actually a burglar.

“Have you taken a look upstairs?” Walker still harboured hope that by some fluke, the Princess might be hidden in some corner within the building.

“It’s the same, there is nothing besides some pieces of broken furniture.” Wiltshire waved his hand, and said with a derisive look on his face: “Maybe when the Princess saw that he was this poor, she was scared off and ran away.”

“Then what are we to do now...” Walker was feeling a little lost and directionless.

“...” The Marquess was just about to answer, but suddenly, he covered Walker’s mouth and dragged him behind one of the curtains to their back.

The sound of a key turning in a lock came from the direction of the door, scaring Walker was so much that he did not even dare to breathe loudly. He could only look on from a sliver of a gap beside him as the door was opened and two men walked inside, one after the other.

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 5

[1]: 撒娇 (sā jiāo): there is no exact equivalent for this in the English language I think. It is something like whining, but in a flirtatious/spoiled manner, but the person that is doing it is confident that the other party would be receptive. The other party is usually a loved one. It’s not limited to a pair of lovers, a child could also do this to his parents or elder relatives.

[2]: A sunset is often a metaphor in Chinese for decline and so, it’s not meant to evoke beautiful imagery. Rather, it’s meant to evoke melancholic feelings.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I’m not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 6 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/27190.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 6

The man who was walking in front had a delicate and slender appearance; he could almost be called soft and beautiful. His silver-gray hair and eyes that were of the same colour further reinforced that impression. In contrast, the other man had a tall and strapping figure; he looked hard and tough, and the corners of his mouth even revealed some stubbornness.

At first, Walker thought that the more beautiful one would be Baron Portland, but from the conversation between the two, it was evident that the man with the rough appearance was Simon Portland.

"Simon, I don't remember your house being so empty the last time I visited, eh?" It could be seen from the beautifully constructed jacket he wore that the beautiful man's family background was not bad. They saw him scan his surroundings, and his lips seemed to be holding in a mocking laugh.

However, Simon did not seem to think that his mockery was anything out of the ordinary, he just perched his butt on the ratty sofa and sat down. With an indifferent tone of voice, he said: "Dockray, you do actually want to do it or not? If you want to do it, don't waste time with your long-windedness."

The delicately beautiful man who had been called Dockray laughed. Going to stand in front of the sofa, he intimately lifted up a lock of Baron Portland's hair and bringing it to his lips, he gave it a kiss. "Oh, of course I want to do it... And I even want..." He leaned his head down and whispered something by Simon's ear, his expression revealing some vulgarity.

Hiding behind the curtains, Walker and Wiltshire looked at each other in dismay, they were really somewhat unable to make any sense of the relationship between these two men and could only stand there with bated breath, watching quietly for any change in the situation.

They watched as Dockray rested a knee on the sofa and as he brought his whole person close to Portland, Walker could clearly see him reaching for the buttons on the Baron's trousers.

"Wait a moment." Walker was a little in awe of how Portland's voice could sound so calm even at such a time.

The scene that followed, more than anything else that happened before, made Walker and Wiltshire's eyes almost pop out of the their sockets. They saw Baron Portland extend his hand out, cupping it and lightly shaking it up and down, while Dockray took out a small pouch of coins from his pant pocket and stuffed it into his hands, muttering to himself as he did so.

Even the sophisticated and worldly-wise Wiltshire could not help but to be flabbergasted. It was actually highly probably that the Baron, who was possessed of such a tall and doughty appearance, was actually prostituting himself to men --- at the thought that this was the man that had seduced the Princess, and had brought her to

France from England, the two of them felt a sinking feeling in the pits of their stomachs for a while.

After receiving the money, Portland did not protest any further, and allowed Dockray to remove his clothes and press him under his body...

Walker's face flushed; he turned his head, thinking to avoid looking at the scene that was playing out in front of his eyes, in living flesh, so immediate that he could almost scent it --- although he had had sexual relations with Wiltshire innumerable times, but he had never imagined that he would have the opportunity to witness two men having sexual intercourse with his own eyes.

But once he turned his head, he immediately came face to face with Wiltshire, who was wearing a strange expression on his face; it seemed like he was smiling but yet he wasn't. He could probably see Walker's embarrassment; reaching out, he took him into his arms, letting him rest in his strong embrace.

By the side, the two men who had become entangled into a ball of limbs on the narrow couch had already gradually sank into a certain state --- sweet and sultry moans permeated the whole drawing room, and Dockray was whispering comfort to the man pressed beneath his body as he slowly entered him.

"... gently, be more gentle... ah..." Portland did not seem as impertinent as he had in the beginning; he obviously found the action of spreading his body wide open to accept another man's sex organ to be so self-debasing that he was a little bit overwhelmed and as he gasped for breath, he also began to implore Dockray to slow down his movements.

However, the man who was indulging in his beastly desires did not seem to hear his partner's anguished wailing, instead he was wearing a ferocious expression that was at odds with his soft beauty. Dockray continued to relentlessly drive the vicious weapon at his crotch forward, stabbing it into the man beneath him, Simon, who looked to be so much stronger physically. As pained cries were issued by his partner, he increased the tempo of his movements, forcefully ramming it to penetrate into the deepest part of his body.

Although he did not dare to look directly at the scene of the two men having sexual intercourse, but the obscene sounds of Portland's groans as well as the sound of flesh slapping against flesh were continuously being drilled into Walker's ear, causing his heart to beat faster and faster. A faint ache began to throb in some part of his lower abdomen and he gradually started to have difficulty breathing.

But even worse than that, he could sense that behind him, Wiltshire also seemed to have been unable to keep himself from becoming affected by the situation --- besides Walker ear, his breaths grew successively heavier, and the arms that he had around Walker were gradually tightening their hold; Walker could even feel the twitching of the manhood that he had unconsciously pressed against Walker.

Afraid that the two people outside would discover them, neither of them uttered a single word, but the atmosphere between the two of them became increasingly edgy, and Walker could even feel that his face was slowly getting flamingly hot...

He suddenly felt a burst of moisture on his ear --- evidently, Wiltshire had already reached the limit of his self-restraint, and with burning urgency he began to suck on the helix of Walker's ear, meandering downwards to bite at his neck. The hands that he had originally used to encircle Walker now began to get sneaky, lifting his shirt and groping him all over at will...

"... Ah, let go! Let go! It hurts a lot, I beg you please let go!" Inside the drawing room, Portland suddenly began to scream wildly. Walker jumped in shock and quickly busied himself with catching hold of Wiltshire's hands that were wandering all over him and peeked through the gap in the curtains to see what was going on.

He was met with the sight of Dockray gripping the erection between Portland's legs hard, not letting him release

even though he had already been brought to the edge of desperation. Meanwhile, Dockray's own scarlet manhood was continuously pumping in and out of the Baron, who had already been reduced to lying on his stomach --- from where Walker was standing, he could see very clearly that whenever the sex organ was withdrawing, some of the flesh of Portland's tender insides was clinging to it.

By this time, the expression on Baron Portland's face had become impossible to describe. The agony of having his body forcibly split open and a foreign object inserted made his facial muscles twitch violently --- Walker could not help but to think of the first time the Marquess had violated him, and how he had suffered so much pain at that time that he thought he was going to die.

Restlessly, Wiltshire began to fondle the area between Walker's legs through his clothing, only for Walker to restrain his unruly hands with even greater strength. The two of them pitted their strength against each other in silence. Finally, unable to get the upper hand, the Marquess gave up hope, and instead hugged Walker tightly to give vent to the lust that had been provoked in his body.

After a series of violent thrusts, Dockray gave a muffled groan and spent his lust within the body of Baron Portland before pulling out of him. It was evident that Portland could not endure the pain brought on by Dockray leaving his body, clutching his lower abdomen with his hand, he fell to the ground, with the manhood between his legs clearly shrunken into a soft mass.

"You're really amazing, so amazing every time... after I've had you I don't even want to touch women... I'll come and visit again after some time..." After an obscene touching of Portland's genitals, Dockray again fished out a few more gold coins and tossed them on the table before starting to gather his discarded clothing and getting dressed.

For a long time after Dockray's departure, Portland remained curled up into a ball on the carpet, not even making a single movement. It was a very long time indeed before he managed to struggle up and put on his clothes. Picking up the coins on the coffee table, he stuffed them into his pocket.

Seeing that Portland was having so much difficulty, Walker almost wanted to rush out and give him a hand, but Wiltshire, who had evidently managed to subdue his lust and regain his equilibrium, caught hold of him forcefully.

Although he was still walking with a limp, Portland did not seem to want to remain at home to take a rest. He hobbled in the direction of the door, evidently still intending to go out.

"Let's follow him." Seeing that Portland had left through the front door, Wiltshire pulled open the curtains and indicated to Walker that they should tail him.

Perhaps the reason could be attributed to his having just had intense sex, but Portland's vigilance was at a very low ebb. He did not seem to be at all aware of Wiltshire or Walker, who were following at his back, and like a lonely wandering spirit, he passed through the streets of Paris --- by looking at him, nobody could have known that this ordinarily dressed man with a vague expression was an aristocrat who had an illustrious lineage.

At first, Walker guessed that he would go to an illicit gambling den or some other place where he could indulge in hedonistic pursuits --- after all, a hobby that could reduce an aristocrat to having to sell his body to support it must be a rather astounding one. However, the end result was that Portland halted his steps in front of a pharmacy. Wiltshire and Walker saw him say a few words to the owner of the pharmacy, who he was quite evidently familiar with, and after the proprietor handed a bag containing something to him, he extracted the bulk of the pile of coins he had earned just now and handed them to the proprietor.

Clearly things had developed far beyond the expectations of Walker and Wiltshire. After they saw Portland get on a nearby horse carriage for rent that was waiting for business, Wiltshire quickly pulled Walker along to board another one, and instructed the driver to give chase to Portland's carriage.

At a place that was approximately a few blocks away, Portland got out of the carriage and walked into a draper's shop with a dilapidated store front. Wiltshire signalled for the driver to stop on the street across the shop, and the observed Portland's actions from the window of the carriage.

After approximately half an hour, when Portland emerged from the draper's shop, the bag he had been carrying before was no longer in his hands. He did not call for a carriage; alone, he walked on the pavement with wobbly steps --- from the direction he was heading, it seemed that he intended to return home.

Walker wanted to get off the carriage, but he was prevented from doing so by Wiltshire. It was not until Portland's figure disappeared around the corner of the street that Wiltshire dragged Walker out of the carriage and they headed straight for that draper's shop.

"Sir, is there something you're looking for?" Attending to the shop was a middle-aged woman who was showing some signs of haggardness. Probably because it had been too long since she had gotten any business, her expression was so eager that it was rather awkward.

Wiltshire found none of the proffered wares in the shop pleasing to his eye, but still, he looked all around, making a show of picking out items. "I want to pick out some unique fabrics to bring back to England, Madame, can you make some recommendations?"

Of course, Walker could not understand French, but he still tried very hard to hide his bewilderment, and stood quietly by Wiltshire's side.

A slightly embarrassed expression revealed itself on the woman's face: "Sir, all we're selling are some basic goods, I'm afraid..."

"Ah, you need not be modest, I just saw the distinguished Baron Portland come into your shop to buy something!" Artfully, Wiltshire steered the conversation in the direction he desired.

"You know Sim... no, his Lordship the Baron Portland?" Immediately, the woman looked to be pleasantly surprised. "And you are even a foreigner?"

"I have a friend from France who knows him very well. Isn't it true that he is frequently patronises your shop? From what my friend said, Baron Portland is famous for having refined tastes throughout high society." Every time that Wiltshire began to lie, his expression would become ever more sincere, as that middle-aged woman looked at him, she came to believe him firmly, with no doubts in her mind.

"Is that so? However, the reason Baron Portland comes here is not to buy fabrics..." She spoke with some hesitation, it seemed as though she did not wish to lie to a friend of Portland's.

After Wiltshire gave her an encouraging smile, indicating that she should continue speaking, the woman lost her wariness and began to open up to him: "Monsieur Portland is really a good man... my son Joseph once served his family as a manservant, but after he did something wrong --- I'm not sure what --- he was fired and thrown out by Monsieur Portland's father... But Monsieur Portland still frequently visits him... although..."

The woman's eyes suddenly grew wet, and her voice became choked: "One time when Joseph went out, he was hit by a horse carriage. Ever since then, his lungs have been giving him problems, the doctor said that if he should go without medicine for even a short time, he would die... but the medicine that is required to treat his illness is as expensive as gold, people such as us simply cannot afford it. When Monsieur Portland came to know of this, he began sending medicine to us, it is all thanks to him that Joseph has been able to survive to this day..."

The pitiful mother's eyes were shimmering with tears. It was evident that Wiltshire also did not expect that Portland, who had been accused of abducting the Princess, would actually have such a compassionate side to him, and he

couldn't help but mutter to himself in irresolution for a brief spell.

"Madame, may I visit your son for a while? I have a friend who is a doctor who specializes in the treatment of lung diseases, perhaps I can ask him to come diagnose and treat your son?"

In order to achieve his goals, he could lie to a pitiable mother without the slightest trace of guilt --- Walker couldn't help but to frown at the Marquess who was wearing an expression of serenity.

Wiltshire pretended not to see Walker's disapproving gaze, without consulting him, he followed the woman into the house. After thinking for a bit, Walker followed them, for want of a better option.

Climbing up the narrow stairs, they came to the space above the draper's shop which was also so narrow that it made one feel so claustrophobic that they found it difficult to breathe. The woman called out softly in the direction of one corner of the room: "Joseph, Monsieur Portland's friend has come to visit you."

There was no answer whatsoever, and the air was redolent with the scent of a rot that was unique to people who were unwell.

Following behind the Marquess cautiously and solemnly, Walker made his way near to the bed in the corner --- he could see that a young man was lying on the bed; he was emaciated because of the ravages of the disease, his blond hair was in a mess and hanging in his face, so that presently, nobody could see what he looked like.

"Are you Joseph? Hello, I am Simon's friend, Sir Stone [1]. Because I have a good friend who is a doctor, Simon has occasionally brought up your illness to me and has requested that I come to visit you." His lies were as seamless as celestial garments that had been woven in heaven, and Wiltshire's expression also perfectly fitted the occasion.

Upon hearing Portland's name, Joseph had a slight reaction, but it did not seem to be joy, as might have been expected. The frail, sick man raked away the blond hair that was obscuring his eyes, in those blue eyes that were as beautiful as the seacoast and clear skies, there was rage as he said: "You are Lord Portland's friend? I thank him for his concern, but I don't need it. The only thing I ask of you is for you to tell him not to send medicine or other things here anymore, I won't want them!"

As the surprises kept piling up one right after the other, even the cosmopolitan Wiltshire was also a bit confused by the situation: "I thought that..."

"Sir, please leave, I do not need sympathy! I especially do not need for a person associated with Portland to show me sympathy!" After a struggle, Joseph managed to sit up in bed. He was only wearing a flimsy shirt on his torso, which was utterly unable to disguise his withered and weakened body. However, from his facial features, a shadow of his former beauty could be seen, although he could only be described as a haggard invalid at the moment.

When Joseph's mother saw how agitated her son had become, she was a little frightened: "Monsieur, let us speak further downstairs! There may be a misunderstanding between Joseph and Monsieur Portland..."

Looking at Joseph's frail body, which seemed to be flickering like a candle in the wind, on the verge of being extinguished, the Marquess also knew that he should know he was overly upset. Giving the young man who had started coughing in his distress a slight bow, he motioned for Walker to follow him and they left the narrow attic.

Once they had stepped into the small draper's shop, tears started streaming down the woman's face.

"What was that all about? From the way Simon spoke, I've always thought that he and Joseph were good friends." Wiltshire appealed to the woman with a befuddled expression in an effort to pry out more news.

"They were, originally." The woman tried hard to stop crying, but she was unsuccessful: "But ever since Joseph left the Portland family, there has been something wrong. Every time Joseph sees Monsieur Portland, he seems to be

fuming with rage as he gnashes his teeth. I had always kept hidden from him the fact that the medicine was sent by Monsieur Portland, but he has recently found out. After that, he has refused to take the medicine. The doctor said that, if this continues... if this continues, he would very soon... very soon die..." Her whimpers finally turned into wails, and at long last, Walker finally understood why the sorrow on the woman's face seemed to be so ingrained.

After saying their goodbyes to the disconsolate female shopkeeper, Walker started to discuss the whole strange sequence of events with the Marquess even as they were in the process of renting a carriage.

"... What do you think, why would Portland want to find a cure for Joseph even if he has to resort to sell his body to do it?" This was the detail that Walker found most difficult to understand about the whole entire affair. From the impression he had gotten from Portland, he did not seem to be the sort who would sacrifice himself for someone of the same gender.

However, Wiltshire seemed to have completely taken leave of the astute image he had projected just now as he was probing for more information. Lazily, he sprawled out and leaned on Walker's body.

Upon hearing this, he slightly straightened his body. Suddenly he extended his hand and gave Walker's flaxen hair a gentle twist and said: "Who knows... but if you should ever get as ill as that, I would also be the same way towards you... but my methods would probably be more intelligent than his..."

His original intentions had been to have a serious discussion with Wiltshire, but who could have known that he would provoke him into saying such things that made his face blush and his heart race instead, and now, Walker had a hot, red face to show for his efforts. In silence, he looked into the Marquess's green as peppermint candy eyes. Walker really could not tell from his laughing eyes just how much, if any, sincerity had actually been in his speech.

.....

"Where are we going now?" After a period of honey-sweet silence, Walker made an effort to think of a topic of conversation that would dispel the extremely ambiguous atmosphere in the carriage, which teetering on the edge of finding physical expression.

Wiltshire smiled: "To Portland's residence, of course."

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 6

[1]: Wiltshire introduces himself as “爵士 (juéshì)”, a knight.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 7 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/27627.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 7

This was already the second time the two of them were at this apartment --- it still had a mottled facade, and the deathly stillness that shrouded it suggested that it was uninhabited.

This time, Wiltshire did not seem as though he intended to sneak in, instead, with an elegant comportment, he ascended the steps that led to the front door of the building and with unsurpassed poise, he rang the doorbell.

"Who is it?" A man's wary voice came from beyond the door; Walker could tell that it belonged to the Baron Simon Portland --- the originator of all the trouble that had necessitated them to undertake this trip to France.

"I am Sir Robinson [1], I wish to speak with you about some matters pertaining to your former manservant, Joseph." Wiltshire's voice was unapologetically polite, full of aristocratic refinement, but behind the door, in Portland's ears, the name "Joseph" was tantamount to the explosion of a heavy shell.

It had only taken a moment of effort on Wiltshire's part, and the door was opened to them.

After taking a moment to take the measure of the incomparably beautiful Wiltshire and also Walker, who was standing silently behind with a reticent expression on his face, Portland's confusion showed on his face, and he asked: "Who are you people?"

Making no reply, Wiltshire forcefully pushed the door inwards, and strode inside on his own volition.

"How could you invade someone else's home just like that?" There was some apprehension mixed into Portland's outrage as he stared at the stranger who was sitting on his couch with an arrogant attitude.

"We have come from Britain, and we want to speak with you with regards to Princess Caroline." It was evident that Wiltshire was an adept in the ways of skilful negotiation; his chosen method of getting straight to the point caught Portland off-guard and in that instant, he revealed a complicated expression on his face.

However, he was no lily-livered simpleton, and he quickly regained his equilibrium.

"Who are you people? What Princess Caroline, I've never heard of her."

"You..." Walker wanted to interject himself into the conversation, but he was prevented from doing so by a wave of the Marquess's hand.

"... Make a comparison: would you prefer to tell us the whereabouts of the Princess, or perhaps you would prefer to let Mr. Joseph know about the transaction between you and Mr. Dockray..." Wiltshire's tone of voice remained as casual as ever, but Portland's face turned deathly pale instantly.

"You... both of you..." Because he couldn't guess how much his counterparts actually knew, he hesitated; however,

his heart was already trembling because it had already jumped to the worst conclusions.

Wiltshire had evidently decided thoroughly wreck any trust the Baron still placed in luck and he said: "Do you want me to tell Mr. Joseph that you obtained the money used to buy his medicine by selling your body? He is so seriously ill, I wonder if he can withstand such a shocking blow?"

Portland's body shook visibly for a while, and his eyes shot out beams of hatred as he stared at Wiltshire's face --- not to be outdone, the Marquess returned his gaze.

Momentarily, Portland smiled bitterly: "Tell him, go ahead and tell Joseph... He will be very happy to learn of such a thing..." However, his ashen face betrayed him; everyone could see that no matter how cruelly Joseph treated him, Portland still did not wish for him to know how low he had sank.

"Yes, I believe he would be very happy. Once Mr. Joseph knew that the medicine was sent by you, he refused to take it anymore, even when the doctor told him he would die, he still refused to accept any favours from you... even a blind man can see how much he hates you..." Wiltshire did not continue speaking on, Portland's expression was as pale and leaden as a corpse, letting Wiltshire know that he had already dealt him a blow heavy enough.

With a soft "hai", the Marquess made some adjustments to how he was seated on the sofa.

"Mr. Portland, whatever the case, I still hope that you will tell us the Princess's whereabouts. About the matter of your Mr. Joseph, perhaps this gentleman and I may be of some assistance."

Straightaway, Portland grew silent. A small part of Walker could not bear to see his despairing eyes, and also, from the way he was glaring at Wiltshire, it seemed as though he sorely wished to have him for dinner.

After a long while, the blazing look in Portland's eyes dimmed and they dulled. Again, he revealed an expression reminiscent of a dead man as he said: "No one can help us... there is no one who can... Sir, don't ask me about the Princess anymore, I don't know."

"But you were the one who took the Princess away..." Walker couldn't help but to interrupt the conversation from where he was standing to the side.

"Forget it, Walker, let's go. Perhaps what we really should do now is to let Mr. Joseph have a better understanding of Mr. Portland." Wiltshire stood up languidly, and with a nonchalant expression on his face, he signalled for Walker to leave with him.

From the corner of his eyes, he could see that wearing a stiff expression, Portland was sitting on the couch in a daze, as motionless as if he had been nailed to the spot. This state of affairs persisted until Wiltshire turned the door knob, at which time Portland rushed over as if he had suddenly gone mad and blocked the doorway.

"Don't! Don't! Please don't do this, Sir..." The look on his face was terrible to behold, his voice was slightly choked but he soon managed to gain control over it and began to speak with a normal voice. "Mr. Robinson, please do not do this. I really do not know where the Princess is... but please do not go and upset Joseph, he... he..."

"If you still do not wish to speak one word of truth, then my apologies, but I can only be unfair to you and Mr. Joseph." Wiltshire seemed to be unmoved by the distress of the Baron, who looked like he was on the verge of tears, and with a cold demeanour, he was still going to open the door and leave.

Portland was silent as he stared at the hand that Wiltshire still had on the door knob. Turning, he returned to the sofa and seated himself, "All right, Sir, I'm willing to tell you what I know... but, as for Joseph..."

"I'll know what to do." Wiltshire said this in a quite resolute and decisive manner.

Portland nodded, and indicated that Wiltshire and Walker should sit down opposite him. After a long sigh, so light that it was almost inaudible, he began to recount what had happened.

"... It was a friend who brought me to London. Once there, by random chance, I met Caroline. She's innocent, beautiful, just like a rose. She said that she fell in love with me at first sight, but unfortunately..."

"Unfortunately you don't even like women, and have no feelings for her." With an expressionless mien, Wiltshire stated the truth of the matter.

"Yes, even though Caroline seemed to look upon me with a very favourable eye, but regrettably, she is far from being the object of my affections."

"Then why did you elope with her to France?" Walker was a bit curious. So far, he did not have a bad impression of Portland and he could not imagine why he would want to harm an innocent girl who was in love with him.

In an instant, Portland's eyes grew empty and lifeless. A long time passed before he answered: "What else? Of course it was because of money. Twenty thousand pounds sterling. Somebody wanted me to take her away from Britain, and after the deed was done, he would give me twenty thousand pounds."

"Who?"

"I don't know, the negotiations were conducted through an intermediary, the friend who had brought me to Britain, and I agreed."

"What's your friend's name?" Wiltshire's eyes gleamed with a canny light; obviously, he was seasoned in the interrogation of others.

"Stanley, Count [2] Stanley Wainwright." Portland paused, finally he gave up and resigned himself to telling the truth, "I only went with him to London because he said that there was a customer he wanted to introduce me to. That customer was willing to pay me fifty thousand francs for me to go to England and serve him."

Walker was a bit dumbstruck; in his eyes all the nobility were wont to idle away their time in unproductive pursuits, having a voracious appetite for leisure while loathing honest toil, he had never before thought that there would be an aristocrat as miserable as Portland.

Wiltshire also seemed to have similar sentiments; with some perplexity, he frowned at Portland: "How could this be? From what I understand, the Portland family was once one of the wealthiest noble families in France. Also... even if its fortunes have declined, it shouldn't have fallen to the extent that the heir is required to sell his body?"

As Portland heard his words, he began to smile bitterly in distress. Eyeing the costly jackets with exquisite embroidery that Wiltshire and Walker were wearing, his expression was both self-disparaging and sorrowful as he said: "Wealthy? Perhaps that was still the case during my grandfather's time. However if you have a father who's addicted to gambling, who besides leaving you with nothing but an empty title, also leaves behind debts that you cannot hope to clear in eight lifetimes, and then you fall in love with someone who is so ill that his very existence depends on taking medicine that costs a thousand francs each round, would you be as footloose and fancy-free as you are now?"

Walker felt slightly aggrieved, and he started to understand what the cause of the lingering sorrow that was ever-present on Portland's face was --- money, the root of a thousand evils among humans. No matter how stalwart a person was, when he faced poverty, when he faced an eternity of having pockets as empty as if they had just been laundered, that person might not be able to stand by his principles in the same way. And as for himself, it was precisely because of poverty that he left his family behind in Stonehaven and set off with Wiltshire.

When compared to Portland, his own circumstances were actually not much better, but perhaps in the eyes of

others, they might think that he had been much luckier.

"When was the last time you saw the Princess?" It was evident that Wiltshire's capacity for compassion was nowhere near as developed as Walker's; in his ears, the woes of the world seemed to be but trivial and commonplace matters. He did not comment on Portland's story, remaining impartial, only caring to remain focused and bring the topic of conversation back to the reason they had embarked on this trip.

"It was when we had just arrived in France, the other party had already made arrangements with Wainwright. After just one night, Caroline disappeared." Portland slowly hung his head; the image of Caroline's pair of innocent eyes flashed before his eyes, and his heart could not help but to quake.

"Towards a woman who loved you so much that she was willing to give up everything [3] and travel across the sea to live in a foreign land with you, did you not even bother to ask one question about her whereabouts?" There was strong derision in Wiltshire's tone of voice, and it pierced Portland's fragile conscience as if it were a honed dagger.

He couldn't keep himself from burying his face in his hands, and he said with a voice that was trembling with anguish: "I know I've wronged her greatly... but I am very frightened, they are very powerful and influential, Stanley did warn me that if I should speak of this matter to anyone, then none of us can hope to survive..."

Wiltshire gave a cold "humph", it was obvious to anyone listening how contemptuous he was of Portland's cowardice. "Give me Wainwright's address." He stood up, and extended a hand towards Portland.

After obtaining Wainwright's address, Wiltshire did not tarry any longer, and left Portland's apartment in a hurry, with Walker in tow.

Wainwright's residence was not far from where they were; travelling via horse carriage, it only took them about half an hour to arrive from Portland's home.

But the result was disappointing to them --- according to the servants of the Wainwright family, the Count had already left Paris many months ago, and nothing definite was known about his itinerary or his destination.

The trail they had worked so hard to uncover had been broken again --- when they returned to the hotel, Walker's face was full of disappointment, but Wiltshire still looked as though he couldn't care less about the matter.

"What if we really fail to find the Princess?" Walker rested his head on his arm, and directed the question towards the Marquess, who was sitting beside the window, writing at a tremendous pace.

"Who knows? Perhaps the Prince Regent will ask someone else to continue with the search? After all, not only is she his darling daughter, she's also his only daughter." Wiltshire shrugged his shoulders as he replied.

"How much longer do we have to stay in France?"

"Are you missing home already, Walker darling? What's so bad about France, life is free and easy here, and I can keep you company the whole day." Wiltshire rang the bell to summon help. After he handed the letters he had written to the attendant, he walked over to the bed and sat down, bending over Walker and smiling as he looked down upon him.

"Who wants you to keep them company?" Walker found it a bit unbearable to look at the Marquess's face, so beautiful that it seemed to be brimming with vibrancy, from such a short distance. Turning to lie on his side, he muttered softly as he faced the wall.

"Walker baby [4], your words are really uncalled for. Go and ask those beauties in London, to have the pleasure of my company is such a joyous and privileged thing!" Perceiving that his proximity was causing a reaction in Walker, Wiltshire's heart was secretly delighted, but he still did not neglect to poke fun at him with his mouth.

"Forget about it! I'm afraid there's no joy or privilege, but the truth is that there is fear and worry." He also knew full well that his feelings towards Wiltshire had grown to such an extent that it was impossible to conceal, but Walker still tried hard not to let Wiltshire discover that fact.

"Fear and worry? I'm not a man-eating tiger..." The manner in which the Marquess spoke was a little bit absent-minded, but the movements of his hands were not in the least bit vague --- In a couple of seconds, he had shed his bothersome jacket and simply laid himself down besides Walker, using a hand to gently caress and stroke his bare arms.

Walker quickly jerked his arms away and grumbled: "Look at yourself, getting handsy while we're having a conversation... I really don't know how those women put up with you, a virgin would probably lose her chastity if she stands beside you for longer than five minutes."

The Marquess was so amused by his comments that he laughed out loud. Turning Walker around so that they were face-to-face, he took him into his arms and with lightning speed, he gave him a peck on his lips before saying: "My dear Mr. Robinson, it is indeed very enjoyable to speak with you... but I must beg you to do something that is even more enjoyable with me, how about it?"

Of course, Walker knew what the Marquess was referring to by "even more enjoyable", his face instantly flushed red and he shoved at Wiltshire with an arm. "... What 'even more enjoyable'? To hell with it, could you please stop being so shameless?"

"No." The Marquess's answer came at the speed of light, and as he was speaking, he was lifting up Walker's shirt. His nimble fingers kneaded the kernels at the front of Walker's chest with a touch that exerted just the right amount of pressure to cause a tremor to run through Walker's entire body involuntarily.

"You..." Finding that his own voice had already become hoarse and harsh to the ears, Walker hurriedly shut his mouth, only to feel that Wiltshire's groping hand had already gone beyond the waist of his pants, and was probing deeper into the narrow groove between his pair of lower cheeks.

"Don't want..." Although his lips were still repetitively mumbling his defiant rejection, but in Walker's heart, he knew that his passion had already been stirred up by the Marquess --- he had never before known that he was a person who was so easily aroused, but even so, he still found it impossible to resist these type of caresses from Wiltshire, which were both affectionate and ravaging at the same time. Even this simple foreplay could make him lose his capacity for logical thought, and he obediently spread his own body.

"Oh... you're so obedient... Walker, let me love you... give me all of you... let me love you well..." Even as his desires were in a state of upheaval and his emotions were going wild, Wiltshire still did not forget to display the qualities of a true Casanova. Utilizing sweet speeches and honeyed words to the fullest extent, he coaxed Walker's body to become as soft and pliable as cotton, and with its cooperation, he could do as he pleased.

"Darling, open your legs a bit wider... can you feel it? It wants to go inside, to go inside of you... you're so hot... so tight..." Stripping off Walker's trousers and underclothes, Wiltshire used his hand to hold his manhood and continuously rubbed it against the bare entrance at the back of Walker's body. Obscene fluid constantly flowed out from the tip, moistening the creased area, which had originally been arid.

He could feel that within his body, that place which had already experienced being penetrated was currently contracting again and again, in an uncontrollable fashion, as a result of Wiltshire's wicked actions. And with each pulse, his body also gave a sweet tremble as the thrill shot through it --- spreading his legs wide open like this, letting the Marquess play with him as he pleased, this was certainly far from a first for him, however the magical powers of sex had never once diminished. Instead with each time it was stronger than the previous, to the extent that he had begun to fear that he would die at the moment of climax as a result of excessive excitement and pleasure.

Because his sexual urge was too overwhelming, the Marquess did not even manage to take off his shirt before he was compelled to begin to forcefully insert his sex organ into Walker's body --- although it had been moistened by scented oil and Wiltshire's fluids, but without having been stretched out with fingers, that part was still painfully tight. When the Marquess was about a third of the way in, he found it almost impossible to proceed any further. In his impatience, he fretfully parted the two halves of Walker's buttocks with his hands, wanting to go deeper into the Scotsman's body.

"It hurts a lot..." Although that place which had grown accustomed to being entered by a man did not tear or bleed, but because it was being uncomfortably stretched, barely enough to accommodate the sex organ, it had already turned red and swollen, and the pleasure which Walker had been experiencing up to that point had become dispelled by the pain he was actually experiencing in that moment --- Walker curled up his upper body slightly, and moaned softly because of the pain.

"Sure enough, still can't do it like this..." The Marquess furrowed his brows, and after thinking a little, he slowly pulled out of Walker's body...

In addition to his amazement, Walker could not help but to feel a little gratitude towards him --- in the past, whenever such a situation arose, the Marquess would always force himself in, but in recent times, the Marquess had become noticeably more considerate. Just like today, he had obviously chosen to rein in his lust because of Walker's pain.

But to say that the Marquess intended to give up just like that would be to speak prematurely --- instead of going directly inside, the Marquess wedged his enormous manhood between the seam of Walker's buttocks and began to rock back and forth. Although it didn't have the pain that penetration did, having such friction in such a sensitive area of his body was even more cause for bashfulness.

With his face flushed scarlet, Walker did not make a single sound as he endured it, and looked on as the Marquess surmounted the peak of pleasure, and in that instant he shot *** [5] in its entirety at the entrance of that place.

"That should do it..." With his finger, the Marquess smeared the semen he had deposited at the opening onto the insides of the Scotsman's body, and after rotating it slightly, he smiled --- that smile made some unknown part deep inside Walker's body begin to ache again, and he could only look on dumbly as the Marquess inserted his manhood, which was erect once again, into his body...

The bed shook and creaked in accordance with the unpredictable rhythm set by Wiltshire; as it suddenly sped up and just as suddenly slowed down, Walker could distinctly feel every single thrust Wiltshire's hot and hard manhood made inside his body... Having been lubricated and stretched beforehand, the pain was reduced to the lowest possible ebb, and the Scotsman only felt his body blazing with heat, like if it were going to ignite at any moment. However, it was still constantly being rubbed and stimulated, stoking the fire to ever higher temperatures...

"Brett..." With his body bent into an awkward pose, he bore the weight of the Marquess pressing down upon his torso. Hearing his heavy panting by his ear, understanding that this handsome man was burning up and going crazy for him, Walker's consciousness gradually began to get fuzzy...

However, the Marquess made no verbal reply, the only answer he got was that his thrusts became even more vigorous and he penetrated even more deeply into him. Walker was on the verge of swooning, he could only cling more tightly to him, enduring the torment that the man on top of his body was inflicting upon him, which seemed half like bliss and half like agony.

The Marquess's lust seemed to continue on endlessly, as if it knew no limits. All throughout, the always exhilarating climax seemed as though it would never come, until at last, after what seemed to be a century, the Marquess gave a soft muffled groan and spilled out all of his seed deep into the Scotsman's body...

Walker could not speak, every time he made love with the Marquess he would think that he couldn't possibly again

experience such a wildly intense climax, but every time, the Marquess would send him into the throes of an even more extreme pleasure. At this moment, there remained in his body the lingering traces of pleasure as well as the evidence that the two of them had once been engaged in such unapologetically carnal intercourse --- should the Marquess choose to make any outrageous demands at that moment, Walker was afraid that he would be unable to refuse.

All the same, his Lordship, the Marquess of Wiltshire did not seem to be in a much better state than him; the manhood that was still inside Walker had softened, but he did not even have the energy to pull out of him. Instead, he held his body in the same position as when they had been making love, tightly pressed against the Scotsman's body. Locks of his golden hair were draped over Walker's honey-coloured chest, even the most celebrated painter of erotic art would be unable to depict the sweetness and licentiousness of that moment...

"Too warm..." It took a long time before Walker's mind slowly cleared as he slowly recovered from the lingering afterglow of their intimacy. Using his hand to lightly jostle the male body on top of his own, he tried to make the Marquess leave his body.

"Don't want..." Evidently, the Marquess still wanted to maintain this kind of extremely intimate position. Still partly in a stupor, he caught hold of the hands that Walker was using to push at him, and leisurely planted a hot and wet kiss on the Scotsman's lips.

"Mmmhh..." This type of wet and tacky feeling made the Scotsman's entire body shiver, and he couldn't keep his body, which was pinned down by the Marquess, from writhing slightly. He only felt himself to be fully enveloped by a male body that carried the faint scent of sandalwood, even the taste in his mouth was wholly of Wiltshire...

The Marquess still did not have any intentions of giving up, continuing to suck on and stir up the Scotsman's tongue, continuing to demand the liquid in Walker's mouth, almost to the point of asphyxiation....

"Say that you love me... Darling, say that you're willing to be with me forever..." Frankly speaking, Wiltshire himself also did not know that he would actually be such a fervently passionate lover. Among the ladies of the court in London, he was renowned for his coolness and his indifference, but every time he came into physical contact with Walker, he would discover that his own sexual desire and possessiveness would ignite to a boil.

As for what this signified, the Marquess was not willing to analyse. The most pervasive thought in his mind at that moment was to prolong this extremely intense pleasure, he did not wish to so readily release the man who brought him such joy.

No matter who it was, there was nobody in the world who would find it easy to remain completely indifferent in the instant when he was met with such ardent demands --- not to mention, at that moment both of their bodies were still intimately joined together; Walker's determination had never before wavered so much. Originally, he had already long since decided to part ways with the Marquess once they got back to England, taking different roads and urging his horses on without looking back, but at this moment, he really doubted if he could still manage to live in peace and contentment by himself, should he leave Wiltshire.

Could he, having once experienced the nonpareil, still accept the simple happiness that an ordinary wife and a few naughty children could bring to him?

His heart refused to search for an answer, because he knew that deep in his heart, there was already an answer --- one that he would find unacceptable. Also, the part of the Marquess that was still inside his body was rapidly distending again, fortuitously giving him a reason to avoid having to face the answer...

"Get lost, you pervert!" With his face aflame, Walker shoved the Marquess away forcefully, and in his struggle, he rolled from the bed onto the floor. However, the feeling of the sex organ suddenly leaving his body made his legs weak, leaving him momentarily unable to get up from where he lay on the carpet.

Of course, Wiltshire would not pass up a chance like that. He rapidly held down the Scotsman from behind, and almost as easily as he would blow away ashes, he again inserted his sex organ into the wide open body, that was lacking the strength to clench shut.

“Bastard...” At the merciless rhythm set by the Marquess, his vicious curses modified in tone, turning into moans as Walker was absorbed in the sensations that emanated from his rectum --- supreme pleasure mixed with slight traces of pain. He wanted to prop himself up, but that movement ended up being him sprawling forward in a kneeling position, in turn allowing the Marquess to penetrate to an even deeper place within his body...

“Brett... let go of me...” Cognizant of the inexorability of his situation, Walker's moans were already slightly choked with emotion --- he made a great effort to bury his head and face in his hands, his whole body was trembling fiercely, but in spite of his efforts, he was unable to find deliverance from the attacks launched by the Marquess from his rear, and in the end, he was still unable to avoid the moment when the hot liquid was completely emptied into the insides of his body...

The liquids that his body was unable to contain continuously flowed down his thighs, even soiling the expensive Turkish carpets --- Walker maintained his body in this position, not resisting as Wiltshire helped him to remove the grime within his body before he called for hot water and wiped Walker's body clean.

Amenably, he leaned on the man's chest and in the instant before he entered into slumber, the Scotsman decided that he would no longer evade, no longer pretend that he did not have any feelings for this man --- no matter if by revealing his true feelings he would only invite his own painful destruction; in this lifetime, he wanted to be honest with himself for once, to stake everything on a gamble for once.

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 7

[1]: Not a typo, Wiltshire does introduce himself using Walker's surname.

[2]: The title used here is “伯爵 (bó jué)”, which would be an earl under the British system and a comte (count in English) under the French system. I assume the guy to be French but I'll refer to him as a count for ease of translation.

[3]: Presumably, Princess Caroline was also the second in line to the throne, after her father. In some monarchies, people who were in the line of succession were required to seek permission to marry from the monarch or parliament, and if they did not (or parliament did not give their approval), they would be ineligible to inherit the throne. That's still the case in some royal houses today, the late Prince Friso of the Netherlands lost his place in the line of succession because of this in 2004. Presumably, Wiltshire was referencing this rule when he said that she Princess Caroline gave up everything for Portland.

[4]: The word “baby” was already in English in the original text.

[5]: Author/publisher's censorship, not mine.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 8 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/27652.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 8

Over time, as the two of them spent all of their days and nights in the other's company, their relationship had developed into a finely nuanced state of affairs, however, facts were facts --- the Princess had still not been found, and their only lead had seemingly been broken.

Although he had already been cooped up in the hotel with Walker for three days, the Marquess still seemed to have absolutely no intention of deciding on their next course of action, instead choosing to pester him all day to engage in some intimacies. Although he did not, in actual fact, detest the life he was leading with the Marquess, and how the two of them were living together so closely, Walker really could not see the point of this purposeless waiting.

Compared to Walker, who looked to be somewhat troubled and crestfallen, Wiltshire seemed to have an ace up his sleeve --- on this morning, he was sitting in a sun-drenched spot on the green lawn of the hotel, enjoying his delicious French-style breakfast with an unperturbed look on his face.

"Don't tell me we are going to wait here until Count Wainwright comes back?" Three days of fruitless waiting had caused Walker to be a little antsy; he really did not know where Wiltshire's cocksureness had come from.

"Of course not, who knows when he would come back. Besides, he may not even necessarily return to Paris." This whole incident was obviously a well-engineered plot, although it could not be said to have been extremely complex, it was also not simple --- it would seem that someone hated the Prince Regent very much, and that person must also possess tremendous wealth and influence.

"Then the next step... we..." It wasn't that he was unwilling to remain in France with the Marquess, Walker also knew that the relationship between the two of them would be confronted with many variables once they returned to Britain, but even so, he did not want to sit down and watch as the situation dragged on to a standstill.

"Of course we still start from Joseph --- since there are no new leads, of course we can only repeat the original series of steps, and see if we can make a breakthrough."

Walker had to admire Wiltshire a little bit for the way he could make such a rotten idea sound so matter-of-fact, but he still had to admit that he himself really could not think of a better solution than this either.

Walker exercised his patience as the Marquess slowly and deliberately savoured his breakfast, and when the two of them reached Joseph's shop after travelling by horse carriage, it was already nearly noon. But what was startling was that the door of that draper's shop was tightly closed, and the despondent woman they had previously met was nowhere to be seen.

After making enquiries of a neighbour, they followed his directions and found the new house of Joseph's family, located two blocks away. Surprisingly, it was a clean and bright building with a small courtyard, which was rather

commodious for that class of residence --- although it could not be termed as luxurious, it was still a considerable improvement from that lowly shop house with its narrow attic.

After ringing the doorbell, Walker almost did not recognize Joseph's mother when she opened the door --- her melancholy look had been swept clean, the clothing she was wearing was also obviously much neater and smarter, and more than that, the smile on her face told them that she had come into luck.

"Oh, it's the two of you?" Joseph's mother had apparently recognized the two men. Naturally, the mood of someone who had recently been blessed by Lady Luck would be good, and she warmly greeted the two of them and invited them to have a seat in the parlour.

"It's like this... I have gone to visit that doctor friend of mine who lives in Paris, he said that recently, he has become busier, but he would come over to take a look at Joseph in a few days. Today, I actually went to Sassen Street to tell you about this matter but a neighbour told me that you have moved..." Although what he was saying was definitely all just a bunch of lies, Wiltshire's demeanour totally looked to be one of a sincere gentleman.

Evidently moved by Wiltshire's warmheartedness, Joseph's mother heaped thanks upon Wiltshire, as she explain the reason for their move: "Much thanks to you, Mr Stone, and please convey my thanks to your doctor friend. However, there is no need to bother him anymore. Two days ago, a friend of my late husband suddenly visited us; he said that during his lifetime, my husband had once gone into business with him. Now, the venture has made a lot of money and he wanted to give my husband's share of the profits to us. He found a doctor for Joseph, and also said that my husband once promised to betroth Joseph to his daughter... his daughter is such a beautiful girl, she doesn't at all mind that Joseph is ill, and Joseph likes her very much too... everything is like a gift from God, oh, even now, I still feel like I am in a dream..."

The woman's head was clearly spinning because of the sudden arrival of good fortune; without reserve, she enthusiastically told these men who were still nearly strangers of her happiness.

Wiltshire only smiled as he listened, but Walker was already a little flummoxed by this fantastical story that seemed to have come out of the *Arabian Nights*.

"Madame, may I meet with Joseph? Monsieur Portland would be very happy if I could tell him of Joseph's current situation." After the woman finished narrating her tale, the Marquess politely brought up the purpose of this trip.

"Of course, Joseph also said that he wants me to tell Monsieur Portland not to send medicine here anymore. It would be great if you would help me to pass this message to him." The woman stood up, indicating that the two men should follow her.

They walked to a pristine and verdant lawn at the back of the house; Walker saw that Joseph was sitting on a chair in the centre of it, and a beautiful lady who was tastefully dressed was sitting beside him.

"Joseph, Mr. Stone has come to visit you. This is Mademoiselle Joanna, she's Joseph's fiancée."

It would seem that his vitality had been revitalised because he had met with good fortune and was going to get married soon, Joseph's appearance had undergone a complete change from the ailing and weak man he had been just a few days ago --- his face was tranquil and handsome, he was dressed tidily, and although he was still somewhat gaunt, the air about him was now entirely that of a beautiful, golden-haired youth.

When he saw Wiltshire and Walker, his attitude was also not as bad as it had been previously. He said to Wiltshire: "Please go and tell Simon Portland, he does not need to send medicine to me anymore and I have already sent someone to return him the money I owe him. Also, please ask him not to come and bother me any longer."

Hearing that, Wiltshire very graciously smiled and said: "No problem, I will pass your message to him. I believe

Simon would also be glad to hear that you are so cheerful now.”

Joseph was just about to say something, but he spotted his mother leading yet another person into the garden. When Walker took a careful look, he found that it was none other than Portland.

Oh God --- in his heart, Walker gave a groan, but when he looked at Wiltshire obliquely, he found that he still looked as unruffled as ever.

Portland had evidently spotted them, his face clearly froze. Already ashen, the look on his face grew even colder and more sombre. However, Wiltshire seemed not to have noticed; he approached, putting on an expression that suggested a serendipitous meeting of two old friends in a foreign land, and expended a hand to grasp Portland as he said: “Ah, Monsieur Portland, this is such a coincidence! It just so happens that I have come to find Monsieur Joseph because of some matter...”

Portland was evidently in no mood to play along; brushing off Wiltshire's hand, he headed straight towards Joseph like an arrow.

“What is the meaning of this?” He fished out a heavy pouch from a pocket at the breast of his jacket and tossed it in front of Joseph. When the pouch landed, the clang of metal striking against metal rang out, and it opened to reveal the gleam of gold coins inside.

“I am returning you the money for the medicine, please accept it. From now on, we are even.” Joseph's expression was very cold, and also very heartless.

“You...” A pang of pain flashed over Portland's face, and he unconsciously pressed a hand over his chest, looking as if he were trying to protect something, “You... you...”

Three times he said the word “you”, but he could not continue on. Slowly he retreated a few steps, but then, he turned his despairing and anguished eyes to Wiltshire's face and said: “It's you, it's you... you two must have told him, am I right?”

He pointed to Wiltshire and Walker as he spoke, his voice full of hatred. Walker knew that he must have assumed that Wiltshire and he had told Joseph about the matter of him selling his body to other men; he was just about to refute the accusation, but Joseph beat him to it: “Your Lordship, Count Portland, they have not had the time to tell me anything at all. If there are no other matters, I hope that you will leave quickly. When my agent passed the money to you, he should have also passed on this message: please do not appear before me anymore. You must clearly know... I shall be getting married soon, and this is my fiancée.”

He pulled Joanna, who was at his side, to him, and stared at Portland with his face full of mockery.

“Mr. Portland, we really have not told Mr Joseph anything yet...” Upon seeing that Portland's expression looked like that of a dead man, Walker could not help but to tell him the truth.

The tension on Portland's face finally eased a little, he took a step towards Joseph but was held back by Wiltshire.

“Monsieur Joseph, I think it would be best if we ask the two ladies to withdraw first.” He gave a reminder.

“Oh, yes.” Joseph also looked as if he had just been startled out of a dream, and he quickly turned to his mother and said: “Maman, please help me to send Mademoiselle Joanna back home, there are some money matters that I have to discuss with Monsieur Portland.” He put deliberate emphasis on the two words “money matters”, evidently not willing to let his fiancée have any doubts about the reason for his association with Portland.

Joanna also seemed to be an intelligent and discreet girl, she very quickly understood that her fiancé did not wish for her to be present, and after giving them a slight curtsy, she followed Joseph's mother and left the garden, leaving

the four men in the eye of the storm.

“Joseph... please don't leave me...” Suddenly, Portland broke free of Wiltshire's grasp, rushing to Joseph, he seemed to want to embrace him --- but Joseph dodged out of the way.

“My Lord Baron, please conduct yourself with some dignity! Your friends are still here.”

Portland, however, seemed as though he had not heard a word, and continued to hound the beautiful golden-haired youth.

“Joseph, please don't leave me! Don't get married! Oh, I love you, Joseph...” He seemed to have forgotten about everything else, the only thing he could remember was the love he bore for this boy in front of him.

“Love me? Humph! Do you think that hypocritically taking care of me after raping me constitutes love towards me?” Joseph's hatred towards Portland also seemed to be boiling over, not caring at all that other people were present, he laid bare the biggest secret between the two of them.

Ah, so the two of them had this type of relationship --- when he heard the word “rape”, Walker couldn't help but dart a glance at Wiltshire, only to find that he was currently looking at him and smiling... he quickly turned his face away, but traitorously, even the back of his ears had turned red.

“No... I love you, but you would not even look at me, I really did not have any other way of making you notice me...” Portland desperately tried to take Joseph into his arms, but time and again, he was pushed away.

“Not caring about my wishes at all and using force to compel me, how dare you even bring up the word ‘love’ to me? Whatever the case, there are no longer any ties between us, we became strangers on the day that your father drove me out... I don't wish to pursue the matter of your crimes against me, but you have kept on harassing me relentlessly. I have already returned all the money I owe to you... Baron, you should take this sum of money and use it to repay your debts.” Joseph's expression was cold and hard, his words were cruel and absolute, leaving no room for Portland to have even the slightest doubt about his intentions.

“I know that I've wronged you, but Joseph, I beg you... beg you not to leave me... beg you not to marry that woman... I beg you...” Portland was much taller and stronger than Joseph, but at the moment, he seemed to be exceptionally feeble, as he kept on begging and pleading for Joseph to take pity on him.

“Say no more! I don't wish to hear it at all!”

Joseph said those words viciously, before turning to say to Wiltshire and Walker: “Aren't the two of you his friends? You should urge him not to make a fool of himself here, quickly take him away!”

“No! I'm not leaving! Joseph, don't abandon me...” Portland desperately tried to break free of Wiltshire, who was dragging him away, but he was simply no match for the Marquess's strength and he was hauled out of Joseph's home and onto a carriage.

“Let go of me! Let go of me, I want to go find Joseph, I want to go find him!” Seemingly on the brink of frenzy, Portland struggled wildly, until the Marquess struck him a forceful blow on the side of his neck. Immediately, he fainted and peace was finally restored to the carriage compartment.

“To hell with it! So damn heavy!” After searching Portland for the key to his home, he opened the door and tossed the man he was carrying over his shoulders onto the sofa, mumbling his complaints all the while.

“Don't be like this, he is really quite pitiful.” Walker walked over, thinking to move Portland to a more comfortable position, only to discover that he had already regained consciousness.

Portland stared at the two men with sharp eyes, and said in a hoarse voice: "Who are you people, really? Didn't I already tell you that it is Wainwright who knows where the Princess is, why don't you go and find him? Don't bother me anymore, I've very tired... would the two of you please leave at once."

"We have already gone to find him; Wainwright is not in Paris [1]..." Walker started to speak, but he was interrupted midway by Wiltshire.

"Monsieur Portland, we know that you are in much pain right now, but Monsieur Joseph really does not bear any love for you --- just like how you were with the Princess. No matter how much she may have loved you, you weren't willing to be with her. I hope you can empathise with the Princess's feelings a little; even if you broke her heart and disappointed her, at least do not let her be stranded in a foreign land." It was rare that Wiltshire would speak with such a serious tone of voice, and yet to the listeners, his words sounded exceptionally righteous, and were quite convincing.

Portland also seemed to have been moved by his speech, but the incessant pain in his heart made him unwilling to consider anything that was unrelated to Joseph: "My apologies, I know that I have done wrong by Caroline, but I am really unable to think about matters related to her... I am in much turmoil now, I beg you to let me be quiet for a while."

A small part of Walker could not bear to see how Portland looked to be on the verge of collapse; he lightly tugged on the Marquess's sleeve and whispered into his ear: "Let's go now, we can come back at night when he's calmer."

Of course, Wiltshire also knew the truism that one should not push somebody too far. He nodded when he heard Walker's words; turning towards Portland, he said: "Since that's the case, we shall not disturb you further."

Portland only nodded weakly from the sofa, his whole person gave off an air of desolation, as if he no longer wished to bother about the world beyond himself.

Even after he had gotten onto a carriage with Wiltshire, Walker still could not help feeling a bit pensive, sighing with regret at the intricacies of love in the mortal world --- even at the expense of sacrificing all of his ego, Portland still wanted to strive for an all-consuming love, but the actual result was that all of his efforts had come to naught, and even as he was fighting for it, he had been roundly defeated by a woman who had just popped out of the blue. Come to think of it, the Baron was really very pitiful.

"What's so pitiful about it, it's all because he's too stupid." The Marquess was totally disdainful, finding the whole thing beneath contempt. "If you should stubbornly refuse to like me, or if you start posturing like you want get married and take some woman to be your wife, even if I have to snatch you away, I will make sure that you will end up in my hands. I'll absolutely insist on having you admit that you have fallen in love with me."

When Walker heard this, his head immediately began to throb. He knew that Wiltshire wasn't just kidding around, if he really wanted to do as he had originally planned, and tried to part ways with him once they returned to Britain, he really did not know what ploys Wiltshire would use to recapture him.

His heart could not help but to secretly heave a sigh, he really did not have any inkling how best to wind down their relationship.

Back at the hotel, they found that the rushing back and forth had tired out the two of them a little. Wiltshire pulled at Walker, and the two of them tumbled onto the bed together. After that, the Marquess's hands inevitably started to get unruly.

The buttons of his shirt had been yanked open and Walker could feel Wiltshire's long and elegant fingers caressing his bare chest. Walker slowly closed his eyes --- all of a sudden, Portland's world-weary expression flashed before his eyes. Immediately, a shudder overtook his whole body. Pushing Wiltshire away, he sat up.

"What is it?" The lust-swollen tumescence at his lower body having no outlet for release, Wiltshire looked at Walker with some confusion, watching as he hurriedly gathered together his clothes and also tossing Wiltshire's own jacket to him.

"We're going back to Portland's place."

Someone as clever as Wiltshire would of course immediately understand that Walker was afraid that Portland would commit suicide. Hurriedly, he put on his jacket. Following behind Walker, they raced out of the hotel together, hailing a carriage and heading straight for Portland's home.

They rang the doorbell desperately, but even after what seemed like the passage of half a day, there was no response. At that, Wiltshire could not help but to secretly grow fearful. Throwing caution to the wind, once again, he dragged Walker to the back door and he stole into Portland's home in the same manner as the previous time. After searching the entire second floor and finding not so much as a person's shadow, he rushed down the stairs.

Once he was in the drawing room, he heaved a sigh of relief --- Simon Portland was still lying on the sofa in the same position as when they had taken their leave of him. He was clutching a half-empty bottle of wine in his hand, and was staring at the ceiling in a daze with his eyes dull and empty.

Hearing sounds of activity near him, Portland turned his head in their direction, but when he saw that it was the two of them, he remained expressionless. His movements were so torpid, they seemed like those of an aged person long past his prime.

"Baron..." Walker did find that there was something rather strange about him, but the Portland before his eyes was clearly still conscious --- he couldn't resist taking a step forward, but when he discovered that Portland's opened eyes were now a despairing dark grey, his heart couldn't help but to tremble, and he stopped in his tracks.

On the other hand, Wiltshire had already discerned that there was something not right about the situation. He rushed up and grabbing hold of Portland, he shoved a finger into his mouth, trying to make him regurgitate the drugs he had taken. All the while, he was berating the Baron in a stern voice: "Portland, you coward! So just because you have been jilted by a man, you don't want to live! Bastard! Quickly tell us where the Princess is! She loved you with all her heart, can you really bear to let her die in a foreign land under such shady circumstances?"

With Wiltshire gouging his throat, Portland retched repeatedly, but in the end, nothing was expelled.

"I... I'll go and call for a doctor..." There was a feeling of acidity in Walker's heart, he rushed to the door with unsteady steps, still wishing to preserve the Baron's life, which was flickering like a candle in the wind.

"Fairmont... Château Fairmont... Wainwright is in... in Fair... mont..." The effort it had taken to say those words seemed to deplete the last of the Baron's strength, after struggling to force them out of his mouth, his head slumped to the side and he collapsed onto the sofa.

"There's no need to call for a doctor." Wiltshire's voice was so cold that it was frightening, after probing Portland's nose and mouth with his hand, he had stopped Walker, who had wanted to go and find a doctor. "He's beyond help, he took an overdose of opium, damn him!"

The two people stood there and stared blankly, watching as Portland's breaths grew shallower, and in the end, they gradually cease altogether. In this way, he passed out of this mortal world, which had brought to him too much pain and misery --- his dark gray eyes still remained staring at a corner of the ceiling, as if there was something that he could not bear to leave behind there.

"Fuck this! Was he still a man?" Finally, the Marquess swore savagely.

Walker had never heard Wiltshire, who always carried himself with the elegant poise of a gentleman, use foul

language before. He could not help but to glance at him and slowly walked over to stand beside him --- as the two of them looked at the deep bitterness in Portland's wide-open eyes, they could not help reaching out with their hands, so as to grasp the other's hand tightly.

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 8

[1]: The source text I'm using has him say that Wainwright is not in London, but I'm thinking this is probably a typo.

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 9 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/28018.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 9

Portland's life had been dismal, and in death, his fate was equally wretched. At Walker's insistence, Wiltshire had informed the old butler in his hometown of his death and requested that he come to organize his funeral but even until the day that Wiltshire and he left Paris, Joseph still had not shown up at his wake.

Château Fairmont was located in the western outskirts of Brest, quite some distance from Paris. It was only after Wiltshire had spent quite a bit of money that he was able to find out the exact location of Château Fairmont --- the Earl had inherited this estate from his maternal grandmother, and not many people knew of it.

Even after they had departed and were on their way towards Brest, Walker was still feeling a little bit glum. The painful circumstances of Earl Portland as he lay on his deathbed had left their mark on Walker's heart, and the mysteries of the entire affair was still a puzzle that he could not make sense of in his mind.

How could there be such a coincidence? Joseph had already been sick for so long, why was it that once we got to Paris, almost immediately, he was visited by good fortune?

Every indicator pointed to the Marquess having all of the answers, but Walker wasn't willing to open his mouth and ask --- to have such a devious and scheming lover, who did not hesitate to destroy somebody else's happiness for the sake of achieving his aims. He did not wish to hear Wiltshire admit to such a thing, nor did he wish to hear him lie to his face, therefore he could only let this matter drop.

Seemingly also feeling guilty over the Baron's death, the Marquess noticeably did not stick as closely to Walker as he had done during their previous travels. But the result of his exercising a little bit of moderation was merely that they stopped making love in the car, but every time they stopped at a hotel for a rest, the Marquess would, as was usual, press the Scotsman down upon the different large beds and they would have a tumble between the sheets. And on the following day, as they were travelling in the coach, he would dote on his tired body with meticulously affectionate care.

Perhaps it was because he had a premonition that this journey --- the most special in his life --- was drawing to a close, the Marquess did not plan their itinerary to be at all hectic. However, no matter how much he might have tried to prolong their journey, the two of them still arrived at Château Fairmont before the end of summer.

The scale of Fairmont wasn't as large as they had imagined, the white castle was erected on a hill that overlooked the sea, so beautiful that it seemed to be but a fantastical mirage. Against the backdrop of the azure ocean, the ancient castle appeared even more like something that was beyond the mundane world.

With no trace of politeness or ceremony, Wiltshire barged into the Château with Walker in tow. The result of his flashing the insignia he was bearing, designating him as a secret envoy of the Prince Regent, was that Wainwright, who was in semi-seclusion, quickly appeared before the two of them.

"May I know what business my Lord Marquess has here?" Wainwright was actually not very old, but the scraggly goatee he was sporting gave people the impression that he was not forthright enough.

"We've heard that the Lord Earl, together with Baron Portland, once accompanied Princess Caroline of my country to France, is that true?" Wiltshire stared at the man opposite him with bright eyes, as though he wanted to read some clues from his face.

"Yes, but after Simon and I had accompanied the Princess to France, I parted ways with them. I have no way of knowing where the Princess headed off to afterwards." Wainwright's attitude was very calm, but a barely discernible hint of panic flashed across his eyes.

However, Wiltshire seemed to have overlooked that trace of panic, with regret written all over his face, he shook his head and said: "Ah... what terrible luck! The Princess's disappearance has caused the Prince Regent great worry; if the Lord Earl happens to hear of any news in future, please do send word to us immediately."

Wainwright was very obviously relieved, but he still maintained his composure as he squired the two of them from the large building where the drawing room was.

From Walker's understanding of Wiltshire, of course he knew that he would not give up so easily, but he did not think that he would actually pull himself to hide in an empty room by the side once Wainwright's back was turned.

"You..." Wiltshire's audacity gave Walker a scare, but when he saw that he was climbing out of the window with rapid movements to the outside of the main house [1], he had to give up his plan to give him a lecture on the spot and hide with him in the bushes that lined the two sides of the walkway.

Sometimes Walker really did admire Wiltshire's intuition, which was as keen as an animal's, very much. Sure enough, after about ten minutes, Earl Wainwright did indeed emerge by himself from the main building. With a wary expression, he walked toward the white tower that was built on the other side, where the cliff rose to a greater height.

"What a stupid, romantic man!" Walker heard Wiltshire grouse in a low voice. "I could tell from a hundred yards away where he had hidden the Princess."

Indeed, that tall white tower did really resemble the places where evil dragons imprisoned princesses in fairy tales; he really could not say whether Wainwright was excessively romantic or excessively stupid.

They waited until Wainwright's silhouette had completely disappeared, only then did Wiltshire crawl out from the bushes and go up the path to the tower.

"Who's there..." There were two sentries standing guard at the door to the tower, by the time they saw the two men, they did not even have enough time to sound the alarm before they had been struck down by Wiltshire's dagger. There were two sentries standing guard at the door to the tower, by the time they saw the two men, they did not even have enough time to sound the alarm before they had been struck down by the flat of Wiltshire's dagger. Drawing out the swords that the two guards had on them, the Marquess handed one of them to the Scotsman, before securely tying up the two guards, stuffing a gag into their mouths and then tossing them into the woods by the side of the tower. After that, he nimbly leapt up the stairs that led to the tower.

Probably because he had too much confidence in the remoteness and isolation of Fairmont, or perhaps he did not want too many people to know that a Princess of Great Britain was being imprisoned in that place, but there was actually nobody else who had been assigned to guard the building. The two of them successfully ascended to the very top of the tower, even before they had gotten to the door at the end of the corridor, they could hear the sound of a woman weeping inside.

Wiltshire gave Walker a hand gesture signalling their victory and rushed towards the white coloured door, and kicked it in hard --- Wainwright, who was in the middle of dragging around a young lady wearing a long pink dress, looked up and his face immediately turned ghastly pale.

“You two...” His expression was very ferocious, as different as can be from the calm, elegant, puissant Earl they had encountered earlier.

The young lady's hair was in a mess and her whole face was streaked with tears but even with just one glance, Walker could recognise that she was indeed the Princess Caroline who they had worked so hard to find for the last several months --- just like in the miniature portrait, she was a beautiful, slender girl who was also very young; she appeared to be just like a rose, a Princess who had stepped out of the pages of a fairy tale.

“Save me! Save me! I beg you, please save me!” At this point, the Princess did not have even the slightest bit of noble deportment left to her; she desperately clung onto the post of the bed, not allowing Wainwright to drag her away. All the while, she was calling out to the Marquess and Walker, begging them for assistance.

“My Lord Earl, you are really the romantic... Locking up a Princess in a tower, don't you think that it makes it too easy for others to find her?” Wiltshire pointed his longsword at the Earl, while motioning for Walker to help the Princess over.

How would Wainwright willingly allow that to happen? He pulled a longsword that was hanging on the wall of the room for decorative purposes. Assuming a duelling stance, he faced Walker, not letting him draw near.

“Let me.” Although he had taught Walker swordplay, Wiltshire was still worried that he, who was still inexperienced at using a sword, would get hurt in a duel. Indicating that Walker should stand to the side, he caught the Earl's sword with the tip of his own blade, and adopted a challenging posture.

The Earl's inky blue eyes were blazing with a scathingly murderous intent; he shed his jacket and threw it on the floor, howling derisively with his lips: “You cocky bastard, if you want to take the Princess away, then be prepared to leave your own life here!”

Compared to his agitation, Wiltshire appeared to be much calmer. The hand that he held his sword with showed no sign of unsteadiness, as though he were facing not a murder weapon, but a toy being held in the hands of a child.

Taking advantage of Wainwright concentrating his attention on the Marquess, Walker brought the Princess to his side, the better to protect her. As he did so, he was comforting the Princess, who was crying without interruption due to fear, with gentle words.

“Whore! If I had known this would happen, I would have obeyed instructions, and murdered you once we arrived in France! What are you crying for, you ungrateful, stinking whore!” So hard pressed by the Marquess's sword was he that the Earl was nearly unable to breathe. As he was backing up, he was chewing out Princess Caroline, who was weeping continuously in Walker's arms.

Although he knew that the Marquess was adept at sword fighting, but when he saw that Wainwright's sword had nearly pierced him several times, and the sounds of clashing metal as the two sharp blades met kept ringing in his ears, Walker's anxiety was no less than the Princess's.

Wiltshire and the Earl attacked each other with swift and fierce sword strikes as they circled each other with fluid movements --- the Earl did not seem to be some nondescript neophyte, he had obviously been specially drilled in knowing when to advance or to retreat. The blade of his sword nearly managed to cut down Wiltshire quite a few times; fortunately, he managed to narrowly escape, thanks to his quick agility and honed skills, although it had to be said that luck was also on his side.

The Marquess curbed the superior attitude with which he had approached the combat at the start, and began to concentrate on going on the offensive. He seemed to forget about everything else, only caring to continuously make fierce attacks, as the speed of his strikes got faster and faster; Walker could almost clearly hear the Earl panting --- after all, he was older than Wiltshire by a good ten years or more, and although Earl Wainwright was proficient in fencing, but his physical fitness obviously could not be mentioned in the same breath as that of the young Marquess.

After a sequence of brilliant attacks that dazzled the beholder, Wiltshire ended the long contest with a divine move that struck home --- the point of the longsword was against the Earl's neck, forcing him to toss away the sword in his hand.

"Who instructed you to bring the Princess to France?" Wiltshire's green eyes flashed with a fierce light, the sword in his hand again moved forward infinitesimally, pressing firmly against the Earl's flesh, causing beads of blood to slowly seep out.

The Earl gave a scornful snort and suddenly, beyond anyone's expectations, he threw himself onto Wiltshire's sword. The Marquess turned pale with fright, but it was already too late for him to retract his sword and he could only look on as the sharp point of the sword pieced straight through Earl Wainwright's neck, ending his life with frightening speed --- as the Earl toppled onto the floor, the Princess began to cry out in fear uncontrollably.

"Let's leave fast." Fearing that the Princess's cries would attract the attention of the estate's guards, Wiltshire had Walker help the Princess down the stairs while he hid the Earl's body under the bed inside the room and gave the scene a cursory clean-up, after which he rushed off in the direction where the two of them had headed off to.

Under the guidance of the princess, the two of them quickly found a little pier behind the tower. After they had gotten into the boat and were about a hundred meters away from the shore, they saw some guards of the estate rushing to the pier as quickly as the wind. They were carrying weapons, but they could only look on as the people who had killed their master sailed away in the boat --- there had been only one boat docked on that small pier, and obviously, it would be too late even if they were to transfer a boat over from somewhere else.

Wiltshire's misgivings had not been lessened by the Earl's passing; he knew that the Wainwright family was rather highly influential within the area of Brest. Without allowing even a moment to rest, he hired a carriage after they had reached the road and rushed to the nearest port with Walker and the Princess. Thus, they did not stay even a single night longer in France.

Even when they were once again on British soil, Walker still could not believe that their mission had been accomplished so smoothly. With ease, the two of them had vanquished the evil fiend who had abducted the Princess and in this fashion, they passed into legend as gallant knights and heroes.

But when they heard the Princess's tale, they very much felt that this matter had not really come to a conclusion --- Wainwright wasn't the extremely vicious and utterly evil villain of their imagination, it's just that he still harboured some fantasies about the beautiful Princess, which was why he had brought her to his family's seat of power when he should have killed her instead. Even when he had imprisoned her in a tower in his castle, all he had done was to try and woo her every day. The person who had really wanted to murder the Princess should still be somewhere in London, it was even possible that he was somebody who had access to the Prince Regent.

Portland and Wainwright had merely been the sacrificial lambs in the whole affair, the person who gave them cause to shiver all over even though they did not feel cold was the puppeteer who had handed over money for the death of the Princess behind-the-scenes.

"My dear Brett, what do you think we should do to uncover who that person is?" Sitting in the lavish drawing room in Bulanmu Palace, the still-obese Prince Regent was sampling the very best exotic fruits as he was querying Wiltshire, who sat opposite him.

As a subject who had rendered outstanding service when he saved the Princess with Wiltshire, Walker had been bestowed with the honour of meeting the Prince Regent. As he sat by Wiltshire's side, he looked a little ill at ease, but the cheerful manner of the Prince Regent did much to alleviate his discomfort.

"Don't conduct a large-scale official investigation for now. Since he hates the Royal Family so much, he will surely attempt another plot. We should bide our time." Wiltshire seemed to be quite relaxed at that moment.

Perhaps because he was too overjoyed at finally having his daughter safely returned, the Prince Regent also did not seem to have the inclination to pursue the whys and wherefores of the whole situation. Very quickly, he indicated that Wiltshire and Walker should withdraw, and he busied himself with soothing his precious daughter, who had had to experience many months of shock and fright before returning to his side.

After having experienced such a journey, the feeling of finally returning to the Marquess's residence at Leicester Square was wonderful.

This time, the Marquess did not take any notice of the Butler's disapproving eyes, and directly brought the Scotsman into his bedchamber.

"Please prepare bathwater for Mr. Robinson and me." Having given instructions to the maid, the Marquess indicated that Walker should have a seat on the brocade couch that was by his bed, after which he doggedly squeezed himself beside him.

"Don't... this is your home..." He knew all too well what the increasingly dangerous look in the Marquess eyes foreshadowed, Walker hurried to catch hold of his hands, which were getting increasingly restless and threatening.

"My Lord, the bathwater is ready." A timely knock on the door by the female servant averted the disagreement that the two of them were on the verge of having. Wiltshire darted over and opened the door, and they watched as a few burly menservants carried two large wooden tubs filled with hot water at the maid's behest.

Although Wiltshire's bedroom was uncommonly large, having two large wooden tubs planted inside still made the space suddenly appear to shrink considerably.

Signalling for the servants to withdraw, the Marquess stood by the tub with his arms akimbo and looked at the Scotsman with a shadow of a smile on his face as he asked: "Walker darling, are you getting undressed yourself or do you wish for me to help you?"

Images flashed through his mind, of several fiery entanglements he had had with the Marquess while they were both naked in a tub. His face immediately flushed red, and his hands unconsciously pressed down on his buttons, as though he wanted to repel and refuse the Marquess's passionate invitation.

"Ah..." The Marquess heaved a soft sigh, and pulled Walker up from the brocade couch. Leading him to the big tub, Wiltshire had him settle against it.

"You are called my attendant, but every time, I am the one who is serving you..." The Marquess put on a grudgingly helpless look, but there was humour in the tone of his voice. His hands did not pause for rest as, piece by piece, they undid the Scotsman's clothes and threw them onto floor; by his doing, the man was quickly standing naked in front of him.

"So beautiful..." Squinting while he assessed the male body before his eyes, Wiltshire was wearing an enthralled look upon his face --- because of the toil of the previous months when they had been constantly rushing about, Walker had gotten somewhat thinner, but he was also more muscular. The colour of his skin was closer to bronze than it used to be, conferring upon him an air of bravery and wildness; at the same time, the bashful expression on his face made him appear even more enchanting.

"Darling, you're making me lose control..." Unable to help himself, Wiltshire bent Walker over the tub, with his back to his chest. His right hand also directly grabbed hold of the sex organ at his lower body, kneading it forcefully, until the Scotsman began to moan softly with excitement.

"Not enough, Walker! Not enough! Call out more loudly, I want everybody in the word to hear the sounds of our lovemaking!" The same time as the Marquess was saying this loudly, he was stripping off all of his own clothes. After that, he caught hold of the Scotsman, and tossed him into the tub headfirst.

"You're mad!" Walker cried out in alarm, but it was already too late for him to prevent the bathwater from entering into his lungs. With great difficulty he struggled to get a good footing in the tub, but he was promptly pressed against the side of the tub by the Marquess, who had opportunistically taken unfair advantage of the situation.

"It hurts!" The buoyancy of the water made it easy for the Marquess to raise both of the Scotsman's legs, opening them to an angle they had never attained before --- Under the dim lights, Walker's back entrance was fully presented to his sight; due to apprehension, that delicate wall of flesh was contracting in a regular rhythm, and the desire at the Scotsman's front was also hard and upright because of anticipation mixed dread, the Marquess could feel the heat as it pressed against his abdomen.

"You're the best! Darling..." He was almost prattling as he titillated Walker. Without preamble, the Marquess actually knelt down on the base of the large tub and just like that, he propped the Scotsman's legs on his shoulders and in that position, he took Walker's erection into his mouth.

"Ah..." Although this wasn't the first time he was fellated by the Marquess, it was the first time he was receiving it from such a precarious position --- all of his weight was resting upon the Marquess's shoulders, and Walker could only grab onto the rim of the tub to maintain his balance. However, making love in such a precarious position caused his manhood to get ever more distended in the Marquess's mouth, it only took a few casual licks and sucks and he was already shooting his entire load.

At first the Marquess was staring blankly, a little stumped for words, apparently because of the liquid in his mouth, which carried a fishy smell. But very quickly, he recovered and swallowed without hesitation. As the Scotsman was staring at him with his eyes wide open with astonishment, he changed the focus of his attack from front to back, beginning to lick at the Scotsman's anus.

At the moment when the Marquess inserted his tongue into his secret passage, the sensation, together with the warm water that flowed in, made Walker unable to keep from moaning with pleasure. Seizing upon the opportunity, Wiltshire extended three fingers inside, although this move to stretch Walker was indeed fierce, but because there was also an influx of more hot water inside, the feeling of discomfort it produced was greatly eased.

"Ah... ooh..." Although he knew very clearly that it would wind up being pleasurable in the end, Walker was still a little bit afraid of the moment when the Marquess's enormous manhood would enter into his body. The jitterier he got, the more sensitive his body became. Very quickly, he almost fainted because of the movements of the Marquess's nimble fingers and could only cling to the edge of the tub with his soft and pliant body, allowing the man who had him balanced on his shoulders to do whatever he pleased.

Countless times, Wiltshire pressed down on the most sensitive point within the Scotsman's body, but he evilly clamped down on the desire at his front, not allowing him to release. In just such a position, the Marquess slowly entered into Walker's body, which had already been sufficiently stretched, at that point, he was willing to bet that at the moment of entry, Walker was already so disoriented that he could not differentiate between his fingers and his penis.

"Ah..."

So tormented by the hot water and his pent-up desire that he was nearly giddy, Walker could only allow the

Marquess to move in and out of his body wantonly. To have a man insert himself into the deepest part of his intestines, that sensation made him feel a kind of nausea, but that obscene friction still made him ejaculate into the water multiple times.

At the moment when he was suspecting that the clear water had changed colour because of the semen that both of them had released, the Marquess finally helped him up from the tub --- in the second tub, the two of them really did have a bath. Although the Marquess still took advantage of the Scotsman's addled state to carefully caress that body which he had pushed almost to the brink with his torture, the two men did have clean bodies when they finally left the bathtub and lay on the bed.

"My god... [2]" But the Scotsman rapidly discovered that the Marquess did not care that they had already had a bath. After instructing the servants to carry away the two bathtubs, the scene of their earlier licentiousness, the Marquess crawled on top of Walker's body, seemingly not having the slightest intention of winding down for the night. Not heeding Walker's struggles and protesting groans, he fiercely inserted his weapon inside his body numerous times, only letting him off when Walker was on the verge of crying out for mercy --- but he still entwined himself around him like an octopus, still choosing to snuggle up tightly against the Scotsman in that bed that was clearly wide enough to sleep four or five people comfortable. In this manner, they slept until the sun was shining brightly in the sky.

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 9

[1]: My best guess for why they would need to duck into a side room before hiding in the bushes is that the drawing room might be in an auxiliary building, and the main building is actually enclosed, and shares a common courtyard with the smaller building, or something like that.

[2]: This line is in English in the original text.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 10 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/28302.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 10

It was already the second time that he was standing within the opulent ballroom of the Bulanmu Palace, but Walker still felt unaccustomed to the extravagance of this place and its ambience of being detached from reality. From the start, he stood awkwardly in an inconspicuous corner, and the whiskey he had in his hand remained virtually untouched.

Wiltshire, who had remained at his side to keep him company, still remained as relaxed in high society as a fish taking to water. With a refined demeanour, he chatted with the aristocrats who came up to him to say hello from time to time and he also steadily fetched Walker a stream of wine and snacks, worried that he would feel lonely because he felt so out-of-place.

The Marquess's attentive attitude made the young aristocratic ladies present pay all the more attention to Walker. In their reckoning, if the Marquess of Wiltshire, who hailed from such an illustrious family himself, was waiting on somebody with such devotion, then that person must surely be of an elevated status. Also, Walker's rugged facial features, so rarely seen in high society, and his strong physique, made his mysterious allure all the more attractive, to such an extent that the unobtrusive corner of the room where the Scotsman and the Marquess were standing had already become one of the places that the eyes of the ladies present were most drawn to.

Tonight's ball was ostensibly given to celebrate Princess Caroline's nineteenth birthday, but in actual fact it had been organised by the Prince Regent in an effort to allay his beloved daughter's fears. At the same time, it also served to achieve his objective of quietening down the rumours that had sprang up everywhere as a result of the Princess suddenly disappearing from public view for so many months --- for precisely this reason, the Prince Regent had invited just about every single well-known and respectable public figure in London. As a result, the scene was one bustling with noise and excitement, filled with the beautifully dressed beau monde.

The ball reached its climax when the Princess arrived, attired magnificently --- she was dressed in a sumptuous lavender gown encrusted with diamonds and pearls and it required two maids to support its train as she slowly made her way down the long spiral stairs. The diamond tiara she was wearing nestled in her piled-up hair sparkled with light, and Walker almost could not recognize her as the frail young lady who had wept while leaning against his own shoulder.

"Marquess Wiltshire, Mr. Robinson, welcome to my party." Looked on by the entire assemblage, Princess Caroline elegantly glided towards Wiltshire and Walker, and expressed her welcome in a voice with a plummy cadence and perfect enunciation.

Suddenly, the sounds of whispered discussions among the observers reached their ears incessantly --- it was no big deal that she should greet Wiltshire, who was of noble birth, but for the honourable Princess to take the initiative to acknowledge an unfamiliar man like Walker, this led everybody in the crowd to speculate even more about Walker's true identity.

Walker was so nervous that his hand was shaking slightly, but fortunately, the Marquess took the glass from his hand in time to prevent him from spilling the wine onto his body. When the Princess gracefully extended her hand to him, Walker busied himself with imitating Wiltshire, bending slightly and planting a light kiss on her slender, white hand that was covered with a lace glove. By the time he was straightening up, he was blushing furiously and he did not even notice when Wiltshire gave him a fierce roll of his eyes.

"It is all thanks to Marquess Wiltshire and this Mr. Walker Robinson that my daughter could recover from her serious illness. As a mark of my gratitude, I shall present the Great Oak Manor [1] as a gift to the Marquess of Wiltshire and in the name of His Majesty, I shall confer upon Mr. Walker Robinson a knighthood." The Prince Regent loudly proclaimed, leaving Walker so shocked that he was dumbfounded.

He looked on as people began to crowd around them to offer their congratulations, professing their admiration and envy --- Great Oak Manor was one of the largest estates held in the Prince Regent's name, the lands were rich in resources and employed numerous farm labourers, and would serve as the icing on the cake when added to the already ample assets held by the Wiltshire family; as for Walker, although the rank of Knight [2] was not particularly elevated, but with the Prince Regent personally endorsing him, it was clear enough that he need not be worried about his future prospects.

The honour and glory that was suddenly conferred upon him almost caused Walker to have a spell of dizziness. After Wiltshire was obliged to leave his side because he had to dance with the Princess, the Scotsman decided to leave the ballroom that was thronged with people, in an effort to circumvent all those people who constantly came up to him to make small talk, so as to suck up to the Marquess.

In contrast with the noisy ballroom, the garden of the Bulanmu Palace was much more sedate. The flowering shrubs surrounding the lawn swayed gently under the moonlight, and Walker chose a spot below the terrace of the ballroom to have a seat and stared at the snow-white marble balustrade of the balcony as he got lost in his thoughts.

"... What terrific good luck for Wiltshire this time..."

After about ten minutes, two young noblemen stepped onto the terrace together, holding glasses of wine in their hands. They had evidently not noticed Walker, who was sitting below, and as they enjoyed their wine, they discussed the man of the hour.

"That goes without saying... having ingratiated himself with the Prince Regent, Wiltshire's family is set for life." Jealousy was strongly woven into his words.

"I've heard that the Prince Regent even wants to marry his daughter off to him... he's pretty calculating; giving Great Oak Manor to Wiltshire can be considered his daughter's dowry."

"Wiltshire's looks are so beautiful, whenever the Prince Regent gets tired of Thuram, he can even borrow his son-in-law from his daughter!"

"Ha ha ha ha ha..." The two men began laughing maliciously at the same time --- they had probably had too much to drink, to be so bold as to dare to say such blasphemous things in public.

However, Walker had heard enough. He thought back to the Prince Regent's extremely courteous attitude towards Wiltshire and also the Princess's exceptionally bashful expression when she was facing Wiltshire, and abruptly, he felt as though he had tipped over all five bottles of flavours [3] in his heart, bitterness and sourness came surging up at the same time, leaving him nearly unable to even move his body.

"Walker, where are you?" That familiar call made Walker's body stiffen up at once, and also made the two aristocrats seal their lips in the nick of time. After the two of them looked at each other for a while, they quickly left the terrace, just in time to fleetingly come face to face with Wiltshire, who was opening the door and stepping onto the terrace.

“Walker?”

The Marquess's demeanour betrayed some anxiety, but Walker only dared to step out from the shadows after the two people had gone into the house.

“Why did you run off? I’ve been looking for you for so long...” Seeing that he was safe and sound, Wiltshire's relief was evident, and he came over to embrace him lightly.

“It’s too stuffy inside...” Walker gave a vague explanation as his heart was mulling over how to ask him about his marriage to the Princess. However, he could not find the words no matter how he tried, and could only remain awkwardly silent.

“I’ll go and take my leave of the Prince Regent at once, let’s go home... tonight I want to...” The Marquess leaned over and whispered something into his ear, causing Walker's face to flush red immediately and he fiercely broke free from Wiltshire.

Wiltshire really did as he said, not paying any heed to the status of his host, he took his leave ahead of time, and returned to his home in Leicester Square with Walker.

“I had better stay in that little building...” Seeing that Wiltshire again intended to bring him back to his bedroom, Walker hurriedly broke away from his hand --- tonight, he really did not wish to be intimate with the Marquess, he needed to give careful thought about his relationship with the Marquess and what course he should take.

When he saw that the butler, Franklin, was looking on intently, Wiltshire knew that it was a really inopportune time for him to get into a public dispute with Walker and he could only look on as Walker packed up a few simple pieces of clothing and left for the back garden, accompanied by the butler.

“Mr. Robinson, somebody comes by to tidy up this place every day, it is very clean, so please rest easy here.” The butler’s attitude was much improved from the previous time, and there was an overtone of sincere respect colouring his words.

“Then I really must thank you.” Standing in this familiar place, all sorts of feelings welled up in Walker's heart.

After seeing the Butler off, he sat down by the bed. Even after thinking for a long time, he was still confused, unable to come to a conclusion about anything, and he could only give up, getting undressed and snuggling into the quilt.

Leave the decision up to him... if the Marquess wanted to marry the Princess, then he shall leave, find some job in London and continue to reside here, and if he really couldn’t, then he would return to Stonehaven.

His heart throbbed faintly with pain, although he had long had a premonition that such a relationship would not last long. No matter how moving the Marquess's sweet speeches and honeyed words were, in the end, he was still an aristocrat, and he needed an heir --- and that was what Walker could never give him. Moreover, there were also the great political and economic benefits that a marriage to the Princess would bring.

With these thoughts running through his mind, he tossed around in bed. Walker was ultimately unable to fall asleep, and anxiety was gradually rising in his heart.

Tok tok tok --- even at such an unseemly hour, there were knocks ringing out from the door. Acting without taking time to think, Walker draped his shirt over his shoulders, got out of bed and opened the door. The Marquess, who was only dressed in his nightclothes, quickly ducked inside.

“That Franklin, he bothered me endlessly with his long-windedness, making me unable to come over until now.” The Marquess complained, as though for him to visit somebody else's room in the middle of the night was something that was proper and to be expected as a matter of course.

"Hey, what are you standing there for? Quickly take your clothes off and get inside." With lightning speed, the Marquess tossed his nightshirt onto the carpet, and thus naked as the day he was born, he got under the sheets, and called out to Walker.

He really found the Marquess's utter lack of shame to be a bit intolerable sometimes; it would not do for Walker to get onto the bed, but neither was it appropriate for him to remain standing, so he could only look at Wiltshire in a daze.

"Aiya, what is it now? Did Franklin say something?" Maybe because he found that Walker was a bit different from usual, the Marquess's expression changed slightly.

"No, how is that possible. No matter what, I am to be considered your guest, no?" Walker certainly did not wish to bring any trouble to that rather amusing butler, and quickly came to his defence.

"Then why do you not quickly come over here, the wait is making me impatient!" With an utter lack of shame, the Marquess brazenly pointed to that part of his lower body, which was already fully erect. Pulling at Walker, he jerked him over, making him topple on top of Wiltshire's own body and with a hand, he undid the ties of his nightclothes.

"Darling, I missed you so much!" In the instant when their bare flesh met, the Marquess gave a cheer. To the Scotsman's backyard, he applied lubricant that he had managed to fish out from somewhere before he held him and rolled him over. In a position where he was pressing down upon Walker, he began to slowly enter him.

Feeling a foreign object invading his body slowly, the Scotsman could not help but to give a stifled groan. The question he had found impossible to ask while his mind had been clear suddenly came tumbling out.

"... I've heard that you will be getting engaged to the Princess, is that true?"

The Marquess suddenly stilled on top of the Scotsman's body, but he quickly recovered his wits, and while he continued to work at getting deeper into his body, he said with a careless tone of voice: "Who did you hear that from? Don't tell me it's because of this reason that you didn't want to share a bed with me today?"

Walker bit on his lower lip, he also did not wish to ask Wiltshire this kind of question at such a time as this, but he could not act as though nothing had happened and pretend to be a sweet lover while he was being kept in the dark about everything --- he did not have such ability.

To be a man who willingly let himself be embraced by another man, he felt that this had already made him slatternly enough. If Wiltshire would not even show him some basic respect on top of that, he was afraid that he would lose the courage to face anyone.

"That's what everyone says, is there such a thing? If it's true, please get out of my body." Walker believed that his own expression to be severe enough, but the result of his firing from the hip was that he had blurted out some strange words.

In an instant, the Marquess began to give big hearty laughs; not only did he not pull out from his body, but he began to penetrate even more deeply and insistently.

"Walker baby [4], do you know how adorable you look right now? Aiya, I am going to laugh to death... who was it who was wagging his tongue carelessly? That old man did bring up such a thing, but his daughter..." Wiltshire clicked his tongue, while he continued to energetically perform his pistoning movements, "how could she compare to my beloved Walker's sexiness, strength... and... tightness... aiya!"

Walker fiercely tread on the Marquess's lower abdomen with a foot, and with a pained cry, the Marquess lost control and spilled all of his desire into the Scotsman's body.

Smiling as he withdrew himself from the man's body, the Marquess's expression gradually became serious --- he fixed his eyes upon Walker's face, because of desire, it was wearing an expression that was pained and confused. Slowly, he impressed a lingering, hot, wet kiss onto his lips.

"Walker, I love you!" Wiltshire murmured, as he slowly tightened his arms that were holding the man...

When the red rays of the morning sun were streaming into the small building through the windows, Walker found himself waking up in the arms of the Marquess. Caressing the fine white skin of the man before his eyes and the bluish stubble that had emerged slightly on his chin, his heart was suffused with wave after wave of peculiar feelings --- he could not describe them, they were both sweet and tart, making his heart throb and beat rapidly.

Was this the feeling of what they called "love"? Walker really could not puzzle it out, he only knew that in this lifetime... it would be difficult, much too difficult for him to ever separate from this man.

"Ah..." The Marquess gave a groan, and slowly opened that pair of green eyes that were so beautiful as to be beyond description.

Even before he was fully awake, he fiercely caught hold of the Scotsman and imprinted a long, long kiss upon him, only releasing him when the both of them were almost out of breath.

"Good morning." The Marquess began to smile, and to Walker's surprise, he actually had a kind of innocence and adorableness about him, much like a little boy.

Because of Wiltshire's gazing upon him, Walker's face grew red --- moulded together, they were still completely naked, and Walker could even clearly feel the physiological response of the Marquess's body in the morning.

"Walker sweetheart, you are too cute! Let's do it another time..."

The Marquess pressed up against him again. Walker, who really could not evade him, could only allow him to press up against his back, and slowly insert his manhood into the place where the evidence of last night's passions still remained.

He could feel that the Marquess had already reached the deepest part of his body; the Scotsman couldn't help but to hold his breath, and began to anticipate the act that would commence in the next second, which felt akin to being caught in a gale or rainstorm.

Sounds of someone knocking on the door from outside made the two of them immediately freeze in their awkward positions.

"Mr. Robinson, are you there? May I come in?" It was Franklin's voice. Perhaps because he did not receive a reply even after a long time, he seemed as though he was going to enter into the room of his own accord.

"I'm here, but this is a really inconvenient time, could you come back later?" He was able to speak only after an arduous struggle to overcome the strange feelings in his body, and Walker suspected that his face had turned as red as though it had been boiled.

"My apologies, I also feel that it is inappropriate for me to disturb you so early in the morning, but... you have a visitor..." Franklin's voice was also chock full of embarrassment, evidently, that visitor was also someone who he could not afford to offend.

"Walker, it's me." The clear and melodious sounds of a woman's voice immediately made the two men inside begin to panic, Walker struggled to extricate himself from under the Marquess, but Wiltshire pressed him down as if his life depended upon it, so that Walker was rendered immobile. The voice was tender and refined, to his great surprise, it was Princess Caroline.

"Prin... Princess?" Walker really could not think of why the noble Princess would be looking for him.

"Yes, it's Caroline." She seemed to have given some instructions in a low voice, after which the two men could hear the sounds of retreating footsteps; they belonged to Franklin.

"May I come in?"

"Ah... I... it's a really inconvenient time for me right now, could you please come back later?" Walker desperately struggled to break free from where he was trapped under the Marquess's body, but the Marquess was up to mischief again and thrust even more forcefully into the depths of his body. The Scotsman was so unnerved that he almost could not catch his breath, but he was also so stirred up by the sex organ embedded inside him that his whole body felt limp and soft, and he could not produce the strength to make the slightest resistance.

"Then, then I shall just speak from beyond the door..." Caroline's voice had the bashfulness of a young lady, making it ever more moving to listen to her.

"My father spoke with me last night, he said... he hopes that I can marry the Marquess of Wiltshire..." The two people inside the house were instantly stunned, and the Marquess even stopped his movements, turning to look in the direction of the door. "But... But I don't like the Marquess at all... I've heard that he is a notorious playboy, always surrounded by a throng of women. I'm absolutely not going to marry him."

It was too bad that he could not see Wiltshire's expression at this moment, or else it would surely be very interesting --- if it weren't that the situation was so bizarre, Walker would really be afraid that he would start laughing aloud on the spot. However, in the present circumstances, he could only remain silent, and continue to listen to the girl speak from beyond the door.

"From the first time I laid eyes upon you, you left a deep impression upon me... your brown skin, and those sparkling pair of eyes, your strong hands... Mr Robinson, you were so gentle towards me... I... please allow me to shamelessly admit, I fell in love with you at first sight..."

The effect of the Princess's words was akin to dropping a heavy bomb in the house, Walker and Wiltshire were both instantly so shell-shocked that they were completely stunned and remained frozen on the spot.

"I... if my father should insist on me marrying the Marquess this time, Mr. Robinson, could you take me away? I know that you are a Scotsman, bring me to Scotland! I beg of you, I will be a good wife." The sound of the Princess's voice sounded as if it were coming out of a dream, if Walker was not currently being pressed down beneath Wiltshire's body, he might have been unable to resist the entreaty of such a beautiful and highborn young lady, made in such a sweet and gentle tone of voice.

"Reject her, make her leave!" The Marquess saw that Walker had become completely dumbfounded; leaning over, he whispered softly in his ear, and again began to rotate his hips, seemingly in an effort to urge him to act.

As though he were waking up from a dream, Walker worked hard at making his voice sound calm and normal as he said: "My apologies, Your Royal Highness, it is not possible for us. I... I already like someone else. I'm sorry, I'm really very sorry."

Feeling the Marquess's arms encircle his chest, the Scotsman shook his head --- he had just given up the most desirable and eligible woman in the whole of Great Britain, but he did not care, he did not care one bit!

The Princess was silent for a long time, before she said in a very small voice: "Then... could you allow me to look upon you again... Mr. Robinson, could you please open the door?"

Walker's whole body promptly went rigid, and it was a long time before he said: "I'm sorry, it is a really inconvenient time for me right now." It was much more than inconvenient, Walker was really afraid that if the door was opened,

the Princess would be given such a scare that she would faint.

Again, there was a long stretch of silence.

“Since that is the case, I shall take my leave... I wish you happiness...” The Princess sounded a little choked, and part of Walker could not bear it.

As the sounds of footsteps drew ever more distant, suddenly, the Scotsman heard the sounds of the Marquess's “he he” laughs coming from his back.

“Why are you laughing? What’s so funny?” Walker wanted to push the Marquess off of him, but instead, he was firmly embraced by him instead. He started moving the sex organ in his body again, causing his body to immediately become pliant, and he could only allow him to continue his actions.

“That Princess...” The forced interruption seemed to have caused Wiltshire's thrusts to become even more vigorous. “From dawn to dusk she’s looking for men to elope with. Next time, don’t dream that I will go looking for her!”

Walker was evidently none too pleased with how he was disparaging the Princess, he muttered: “Don’t make the Princess out to be such a disgraceful woman, are you unhappy because she said that you are a playboy...”

“Yes.” The Marquess had always been thick-skinned, “She actually spoke ill of me in front of you, I won’t forgive her even if she were the Queen of Great Britain.”

You are such a... ah... oh...” He seemed to want to say something, but under the Marquess's deliberate attacks, his words dissolved completely to become moans.

The Marquess was obviously very pleased with the Scotsman's reaction, but he still remained unyielding: “Also, you told the Princess that there was already somebody you liked, were you referring to me?”

“You? Who said it’s you?” Although his body was being filled to the brim with Wiltshire, Walker refused to soften his words, “I was talking about Mary from my hometown...”

“You refuse to admit? Then let’s battle three hundred more rounds!” Evidently, the Marquess was going to rely on force to “do” someone in.

That morning, within the confines of the small building, the colours of spring [5] was boundless.

End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 10

[1]: The word Manor gives the impression that Wiltshire has been awarded a house, albeit a large one, but many of the great British estates were in fact similarly named, and the name encompassed both the house itself and the lands that were entailed with it. For example Chatsworth House, the estate of the Dukes of Devonshire, is the hub of a 35,000-acre agricultural estate which includes dozens of tenanted farms and over 450 houses and flats.

[2]: I think it’ll be unusual if Walker were to be given a higher title right away. Looking at the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, they were first given knighthoods, before progressing steadily through the ranks of the aristocracy. That’s part of why there are many subsidiary titles in each dukedom, because the lesser titles do not revert to the Crown when they are “promoted”. They tend to be used by the heirs as courtesy titles. I.E, the son of a duke often uses the title of a Marquess, his son is often an Earl, and the Earl’s son is often a Viscount.

[3]: The Chinese categorise flavours into 5 types, namely sweet, bitter, sour, spicy, salty.

[4]: The word “baby” was already in English in the original text.

[5]: Spring is an euphemism for all things relating to sex and sexuality in Chinese.

Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

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Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 11 Translation (Epilogue)

 panisal.livejournal.com/28517.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



Jus Primae Noctis Volume 2, Chapter 11

Later, the Marquess really did meet Mary, of Walker's hometown.

At Wiltshire's insistence, Walker moved back with him to his estate in Stonehaven and they settled there --- according to the Marquess, it was so that he could administer to his ancestral lands and another reason he gave was that the air in the countryside was better for their health, but Walker always strongly suspected that it was a tactic to prevent him from having the chance to bump into the Princess.

Leaving behind his frenetic life in London, the Marquess's innate character traits of being effervescent and lively seemed to have been restored. Every day, he would drag Walker along, as well as Mary --- she was a little girl of just nine years old, one of Walker's neighbours--- and they would spend their time wandering around the countryside. Whether it was going hunting, or horseback riding, the two of them lived their lives as free and unfettered as the fae folk.

Numerous times, the Prince Regent also sent people to request that Wiltshire go back to London to discuss official business, but every time, he refused the invitation, citing ill health as an excuse.

Actually, Walker had not really wished to live together with the Marquess in his Stonehaven estate --- because the Marquess would be glued to his side every day, he was afraid that there would come a day when one of his household would uncover the relationship between the two of them. At that point, who knew how the slanderous gossip would circulate...

But now, perhaps he did not care so much about that anymore. Wiltshire had arranged for his parents to resettle into a small villa near the manor, and his younger sister and brothers had also been sent off to school or were given jobs within the estate. His whole family lived in peace and were happily employed, no longer having to be distressed over monetary woes --- this kind of life was a paradise that he would not even have dared to dream of a year earlier, and it had been Wiltshire who had gently placed all of it into his own hands.

Their love did not stagnate after that brief journey; instead it continued to grow as they continued to grow as they set off on the odyssey of life together. For the rest of their lives, they were the other's most beloved travelling companion, and this paradigm would repeat endlessly until the day when the very cycle of rebirth itself stops.

End of Jus Primae Noctis

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